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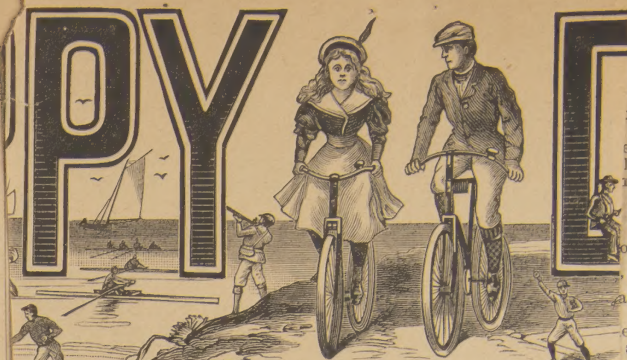
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A PAPER FOR YOUNG AND OLD

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## A Little Fun.

Biggs—Dobbs has remarkable self-control. Boggs—Has he? Biggs—Why, he can talk through a telephone without losing his temper.

First Passenger—Does the train stop here long enough for us to get dinner? Second Passenger—No; only long enough for us to pay for it.

The Mother—How is my Johnny getting on at school? The Teacher—He is rather backward in his studies, but then he is very forward in his manners.

Mother—I am afraid that young man who comes to see you so often is just a trifle fast. Daughter—Impossible, mamma! He comes from Philadelphia.

Jones—You never hear of a servant girl getting struck by lightning. Brown—How do you account for it? Jones—They're never in one place long enough.

Vol. XI.

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 { 24 Union Square, }

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 14, 1899.

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 { \$1.25 FOR SIX MONTHS. }

No. 261

# YOUNG FRANK READE AND HIS ELECTRIC AIR SHIP

## A 10,000 MILE SEARCH OR FOR A MISSING MAN.



Far below, the air-ship, upon a cliff which overhung the river, three men were struggling. They were in the garb of miners. It looked as if two were trying to throw the third over the cliff. On the ground was a heap of mining tools and a number of bags which might contain gold dust. The poor fellow was shouting wildly for help.



# HAPPY DAYS.

"Happy Days"

Dewey Medal

COUPON.

Cut out this Coupon and send it to us with three two-cent postage stamps and we will send you a Dewey Medal. SEE 16th PAGE.

"HAPPY DAYS"

Watch Coupon.

Send us 5 of these Coupons cut from any numbers of "HAPPY DAYS," with 75 cents in money or postage stamps, and we will send you the watch by return registered mail.

## YOUNG FRANK READE

AND

HIS ELECTRIC AIR-SHIP.

By "Noname."

CHAPTER I.

WHICH IS MAINLY INTRODUCTORY.

"Now, Scipio, you lazy black rascal," cried Young Frank Reade, sharply, "stir your stumps lively, for there is the carriage coming up the drive and father and mother have got home from their six months' trip to Europe!"

"Hi, dar, honey!" chuckled Scipio, as he cut a quick-step, "I done reckon yo' be glad to see yo' pa and yo' mammy. 'Spose I tell dem wha' yo' been doin' sence dey went away?"

"Don't you dare say a word, you ebony imp! Now be off with you. Larry can't hold the horses!"

"A' right, Marse Frank!"

Away went Scipio, turning a hand-spring across the porch of the Reade mansion. Up rolled the carriage, Larry, the smart young Irish boy, having all he could do to hold the horses in hand.

Scipio opened the carriage door and bowed to the ground. Out sprang a tall, fine-looking man with iron-gray hair and mustache. A handsome lady of his own age followed him.

"Well, Scipio, you black scamp," cried Frank Reade, Jr., for he it was, "have you behaved yourself since I went away? Hullo! is that you, my boy?"

The next moment young Frank Reade was embracing his father and mother in a hearty manner. Then Kate, Young Frank's sister, appeared on the scene. It was a happy reunion.

All had been made ready for the homecoming of the famous inventor and his wife. They had traveled abroad for six months and Young Frank and Kate had been left in charge of the home in Readestown.

Dinner was quickly ready for the returned travelers.

"I suppose you have improved your time since we went away, have you, my boy?" asked Frank Reade, Jr., sipping his coffee. "Why, of course he has," said Mrs. Reade, with a mother's kindness and faith. "I know he has accomplished something to his credit."

Kate's eyes twinkled. "I think I can answer that question," she began. But Young Frank cried:

"Now stop, Kate! You must not say a word. It is my privilege to tell it myself."

Mr. and Mrs. Reade exchanged glances. "Tell what, I'd like to know?" asked the senior Reade rather sternly. "I hope you have done nothing rash, my lad," replied

"Nothing very wrong, dad," replied Young Frank, quickly.

"Well, out with it. What have you done?"

"I have built an air-ship!"

"Done what?" he said finally, in a subdued voice. "Are you joking, boy?"

"Indeed, he is not," cried Kate. "He has built an air-ship and it sails beautifully, I've had a ride in it."

Frank Reade, Jr., looked stern.

"Have you been overhauling my models and plans?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied Young Frank, humbly.

"I drew my own plans. If you'll come out to the work-shop, I'll show you the 'Polar Star.'"

Frank Reade, Jr., rubbed his eyes. Mrs. Reade had by this time recovered. She put a hand on her husband's arm.

"I told you the boy was smart," she said, with a mother's pride. "What can you expect? His father was an inventor."

Frank Reade, Jr., finished his dinner. Then he said:

"I'll take a look at the new invention, young man. What started you upon such an enterprise?"

Young Frank and Kate exchanged glances. Then Kate said:

"Well, you see, Grace Ellis's father has

gone to Alaska with a party of gold seekers, and nothing has been heard from him for nearly a year. Grace and her mother are nearly dead with grief, and Frank is going to take his air-ship and go up to Alaska and bring him back all safe."

"Kate, you're a dandy!" cried Young Frank. "You could always tell a story better than I could, anyway."

Frank Reade, Jr., whistled.

"Well, I never!" he cried. "I know Harvey Ellis went to the Klondike, which was a reckless thing for a man in his health to do. But he is probably dead. You'll never find him alive."

"Grace is sure we will," cried Kate.

"We?" exclaimed Mrs. Reade.

Kate's gaze fell.

"Grace and I want to go with Frank," she said, pleadingly. "I am sure we would be all safe on the air-ship. Mrs. Ellis is willing that Grace should go, if I go."

Frank Reade, Jr., whistled again, and Mrs. Reade went back to her smelling salts.

"I guess it's a good thing we came home, Frank," she said. "What if they had got started? Just see what has been going on!"

Young Frank's face fell, and tears were in Kate's eyes. But Frank Reade, Jr.'s manner changed.

"Hold on!" he said. "I must have a look at that air-ship. A boy of Frank's age who can design and build an air-ship has resource and can be trusted with most any project!"

"Oh, father!" cried Young Frank, with joy. "You shall go with us and that will make it all safe!"

"Humph! I guess not!" said the distinguished inventor, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I have retired. Then, again, I have not Barney and Pomp. They are too old and infirm. Ah, all this calls up old associations and incidents which would fill volumes. But my day is over, and I must settle down at home. It is very true, however, that history repeats itself. My boy, if you have really designed and built a practicable air-ship, on my word you shall have encouragement from me, and to Alaska you shall go."

"Hurrah!" cried Young Frank, wildly.

"Oh, Kate, it's all settled! You run over and tell Grace Ellis," and he embraced his sister warmly, and they went walking around the room in their joy.

But at this moment incoherent exclamations were heard in the hall. Young Frank called out:

"Is that you, Scipio? And Larry, too? Come in here, you rascals; I've made it all right with dad and we are going to Alaska."

"Whurroo!" yelled a hearty Irish voice, and turning a light hand-spring on the carpet, Larry O'Shea, as rollicking a young Celt as ever lived, bowed and scraped before his young master. Scipio, grinning and jolly, was behind him.

Larry and Scipio were chips of those two old blocks, Barney and Pomp, upon whom Frank Reade, Jr., had so strongly relied in all his great travels of the years past, in air and on land and sea.

Barney and Pomp had been fortunate enough to have sons, and right proud they were of their bright young offspring. To them Young Frank Reade was a demi-god fit only to be worshipped.

Grace Ellis was a most charming young girl, the daughter of the famous scientist and explorer, Harvey Ellis. She and Kate were chums, and to tell the truth, there was something more than ordinary friendship between Young Frank and Grace.

But she was distraught over the unknown fate of her father, whose services had been enlisted by the Great Northern Mining Company to locate a lost valley of gold in the wilds of Alaska.

Of this company a certain Percival Lester, a promoter of stock enterprises, and who made his summer home in Readestown, was the president. He had a son, Sam Lester, who was a disagreeable sort of fellow, and who persisted in thrusting his attentions upon Grace in spite of the cold snubbing she always gave him.

This had angered Sam, and he was just

villain enough to threaten revenge. How he succeeded we have yet to see.

"Begorra, it's me father Barney as will be delighted to know that it's yesilf has consinted to let us go, sor!" cried Larry.

"Golly! Yo' jes' bet ma dad Pomp, he's jest reck'nin' on my goin' on dat trip wif Young Marse Frank!" cried Scipio.

"Look here!" cried the senior Reade. "This seems to have been all talked over and is, to my thinking, a put-up job."

Everybody laughed at this. Of course Mrs. Reade, with a mother's prudence, was in an undecided state, but she made no further objection, and certainly did not attempt to stem the tide of exuberant anticipation.

"But I must see this air-ship first," cried Frank Reade, Jr. "You haven't demonstrated yet the feasibility of your plans."

"That's all right!" cried Young Frank. "Just come out to the work-shop!"

Now, as it happened, Grace Ellis dropped in that moment to call on Kate, and she became one of the party. They at once left the house and soon had reached the brick and stone structure with its capacious yard which had been the work-shop of the Reades, and where many most wonderful triumphs of the inventor's skill had been perfected.

Young Frank led the way.

Behind him came his father and mother, then Kate and Grace, and Larry and Scipio were in the rear.

Young Frank Reade threw open the great doors of the work-shop. There revealed to the gaze of all was the air-ship. The party gazed spell-bound upon one of the most beautiful and symmetrical of aerial structures.

Frank Reade, Jr.'s critical eye ran over it. Then he listened to Young Frank's description.

"I selected aluminum and thin alloy of steel as the substances of the hull," he said, "for its lightness and strength."

"You will perceive that the ship is built on the lines of a strong, staunch schooner. She is strong and well stayed so as to be able to stand a hard experience in a rough country, such as Alaska."

"She is fitted with electric engines with the lightest system of storage which I could devise. Her power of ascension is furnished by these two steel rotoscopes with a revolution of mighty swiftness. Her propeller is of aluminum blades with steel bearings."

"I have provided the air-ship with all heating facilities. There are four cabins and the engine room. I have fitted up these cabins, as you will see, fit for a prince."

"This is the forward cabin, and the pilot house with its electric key-board is here. Everything can be directed from here. The main cabin you see is fitted up like a home, with library and all comforts. The ladies' cabin is next, and is a veritable boudoir."

"So kind of you to provide for us," said Grace with a charming laugh.

"Then here are the staterooms," said Frank. "Here is the armory with plenty of rifles and shotguns of all makes. Just this side is a little chemical laboratory. And now we come to the cooking galley, Scipio's retreat, and the after cabin, where Scipio and Larry can make themselves at home. What do you think of my work, dad?"

Frank Reade, Jr., had silently observed and listened to all. His answer was eagerly awaited.

## CHAPTER II.

THE ACT OF A FIEND.

"Well," said the distinguished inventor, slowly, "I can only say this, my boy: I have built air-ships, but never one so complete and cleverly designed as this one. You have out-done your dad."

Young Frank had been entirely unprepared for this statement. For a moment he was quite overwhelmed. But the others clapped their hands in approval.

"Golly!" cried Scipio. "Does yo' heah dat, honey? Dat am a sofilious fac' jes' de same."

"Be jabbers, no man in the worruld kin

bate Young Frank Reade!" cried Larry beligerently.

Nobody seemed disposed to dispute this statement and nobody did. But a jolly conversation followed, and the party finally went back to the house in high spirits.

Of course it leaked out that Young Frank Reade had emulated his father and built an air-ship, and was going to Alaska to search for Harvey Ellis, the lost scientist.

The fate of the missing man was much of a mystery.

Everybody was interested. The suspicion of foul play had been coupled with the matter, and all wanted the affair cleared up. So there was great sympathy with Young Frank Reade's enterprise.

From that moment no time was lost. Preparations went on rapidly for the Alaskan voyage. Larry and Scipio were hard at work putting stores on board the "Polar Star," which was the air-ship's name.

Thus matters were, when one day a man with a yellow satchel dropped into town and made his way to the Reade mansion.

He sent in his card.

Thus it read:

"Luke Snyder, Member North American Scientific Society, LL.D., F.R.S."

Mr. Snyder was a thin, hatchet-faced man with deep, penetrating black eyes, which looked one through like needle points. It could not be said that his personal appearance impressed the Reades very favorably.

"My name, you will see, is Snyder," he said somewhat ostentatiously. "It is a name well and highly known in scientific circles. I presume you are familiar with it."

"Well, to tell the truth," said Frank Reade, Jr., "I must plead the fact that I have never seen it before!"

The scientist bristled up at this.

"Perhaps you're not a reading man," he said.

"Well, perhaps not."

"However, that has nothing to do with the matter in hand," said Snyder brusquely. "I learn that your son is shortly to start for Alaska with his air-ship."

"That is true."

"I wish to apply for a berth on board. Much of value to science can be gained in Alaska."

"You will have to consult my son. I have nothing to say about it."

At this moment Young Frank Reade appeared. In a moment the crank, for such he plainly was, seized upon him. He at first demanded and then threatened.

Young Frank Reade instantly denied the request.

"No passengers will be taken aboard the air-ship," he declared. "This is a private and not a public enterprise, you will bear in mind."

Then Snyder began to curse.

"All right!" he shouted, threateningly. "You will be sorry for this treatment of me. The interests of science demand that you give me a berth on the 'Polar Star!'"

"We are not going to Alaska in the interests of science," replied Young Frank. "We are going in the interests of humanity."

"Then you refuse to take me?"

"I do."

A frightful oath escaped the fellow. He shook his fist in Young Frank's face.

"Then your expedition will be a failure," he hissed. "You shall see that I am right. You will never reach the Klondike alive."

"I don't know how you are going to prevent it," said Young Frank, quietly. "Your language would warrant me in turning you over to the law."

"Do so!" howled the fellow. "Try it, you young whippersnapper! You dare insult Luke Snyder? You shall pay for this!"

"And you shall leave this house," cried Young Frank indignantly. "I demand that you go at once!"

"And I refuse to go until I get ready!"

Frank and his father looked at each other. It was plain that this was a troublesome, if not a dangerous fellow. The easiest way is usually the best to handle such individuals.

"Look here, sir!" said Frank Reade, Jr., quietly. "You must listen to reason. It is my son's privilege to take those aboard his



air-ship whom he sees fit. Now, you will please take yourself away from here peacefully and make no further trouble."

"Your son has treated me like a dog," declared Snyder. "I offered him the honor of my company on his tour to the Klondike, and he insulted me. Luke Snyder neither forgets nor forgives. Be sure of that."

"Very well! Let it go, then. The matter is settled. We are very busy this morning!"

"Then you will not reconsider your refusal?" asked Snyder.

"It may as well be understood in the first place," said Young Frank, "our party is made up."

The crazed scientist mumbled something under his breath. Then he picked up the yellow satchel.

"Remember what I say," he repeated at the door. "If you do not take me, you will never reach the Klondike alive."

Then he passed down the steps. Young Frank rushed to the window and looked after him.

"I believe he meant that threat, father," he cried. "What can we do? Really, he ought to be taken care of!"

"Let him go, my boy," said the senior Reade, quietly. "When he gets away from here he may forget 'll about it. I used to have lots of experience with cranks."

But Young Frank felt very nervous and ill at ease. Presently he put on his hat and started for the work-shop. There was upmost in his mind a premonition of some dread happening.

Nearly everything was ready for the starting of the expedition. If anything should happen at this hour to upset his plans the boy inventor would be bitterly disappointed.

He started for the big gate which led into the work-shop yards.

As he drew near he heard the sound of voices raised in altercation. He recognized the shrill treble of Scipio and the deep bass of Larry.

"Yo' jes' go on away from dis place, sah, or yo' done git hurted!" Scipio shouted. "I tole yo' we ain' gwine to 'low yo' in de yard!"

"Be jabers, it's ourselves as kin give yez the fire, too," cried Larry.

"Now, look here, you dirty dogs! I have permission to go into this yard, and I'm going to go. If you bar my progress, I'll shoot you!"

The next instant Young Frank Reade was on the scene.

Standing by the big gate were the three who were having the altercation. Larry and Scipio stood in the open gateway, near the end of the building in which was the "Polar Star."

Just outside the gateway stood the crank scientist, Luke Snyder. He yet held the yellow bag in his hand.

It was plain that he had tried to force an entrance to the yard. But Larry and Scipio had their orders.

Young Frank bore down upon the scene swiftly. He was determined to take summary action. Snyder saw him coming.

"Ah, here is Mr. Reade himself. Now I shall have the privilege of taking a look at the air-ship."

"I am sorry to disappoint you," said Frank. "But I am compelled to do so!"

"Then you will not allow me to see it?" asked Snyder.

"Not to-day. We shall sail in two days if you will come around then, you shall see it, with everybody else."

"In two days!" repeated the crank. "I fear it will be much longer than that."

Then came the climax.

Swifter than thought the crank swung the yellow bag over his head. It was launched with great force into the air and struck full against the corner of the building in which was the "Polar Star."

There was a terrific blinding flash and a roar like an earthquake. Young Frank felt the earth giving way beneath him. Together with Scipio and Larry he was hurled to the ground.

When he recovered himself and was able to arise an astounding spectacle was presented.

The whole end of the store-house building had been blown away by the dynamite, for such it was. The bow of the air-ship could be seen sticking out through the ruins.

Young Frank doubted not in that moment that his invention was ruined. He believed that the Alaska expedition, as Snyder had threatened, would never be carried out.

With a terrible pang of bitter disappointment and rage he staggered into the yard. Snyder had disappeared. Scipio and Larry had now recovered. They were bitter in their angry denunciation of the cowardly deed.

The explosion had been heard all over Readestown.

People were rushing from all directions to the spot. Frank at once cried:

"Shut the gates, Scipio and Larry! We must not let them come in!"

This was done. Then a look was taken at the work of the dynamite. It was a sickening spectacle.

Young Frank climbed over the debris and made a most surprising and gratifying discovery.

The explosion to be sure had wrecked the end of the building. But strange to say

the air-ship seemed uninjured beyond a few dents in the hull, and the bending of guard rails.

The rotoscopes were uninjured and the propeller, being at the other end, was untouched. The young inventor's joy can hardly be imagined.

"It's all right, Scipio and Larry!" he cried. "Get a gang of men at once and have this debris cleared away."

This was done. In less time than it takes to tell it, the men were at work, and the air-ship was being resurrected.

Meanwhile the town was scoured for some sign of Snyder. But the villain had made good his escape.

The result of all this was an important council held at the Peade mansion. Frank Reade, Jr., expressed himself forcibly and with conviction.

"I tell you," he said, earnestly, "this means something more than appears on the surface. There is an undercurrent here which I cannot yet understand. Snyder, I believe, is only the hired tool of some one or more people who have the best of reasons for thwarting this expedition."

"Why should any one seek to thwart it?" asked Young Frank.

"I think I can answer that question," said Grace Ellis, with white but eager face. "Mamma and I have always believed that it was a plot to decoy papa to Alaska and detain him there."

This was a most astonishing revelation, and added greatly to the interest as well as the explanation of the situation.

## CHAPTER III.

## NORTHWARD BOUND.

Young Frank Reade was intensely interested in the case now, and mystified as well.

"Who could have a possible reason for decoying your father thither?" he asked.

"And who do you think it could be?"

"There is the mystery!" declared Grace. "Of course we have no evidence. It is as yet only a conviction, yet all events seem to bear it out well, I think."

"Indeed they do," cried the senior Reade; "and while you are searching for Mr. Ellis in Alaska, I will employ my time at this end trying to solve the mystery. There is dark work here somewhere. It is not intended that an expedition shall be sent to the Klondike to rescue Harvey Ellis if it can be prevented."

This was the conclusion reached. And now came the day for the sailing of the air-ship.

On account of the risk involved the greatest of precautions were employed. Extra guards were placed about the work-shop.

But nothing had been seen or heard of Snyder or any other crank since the explosion. It seemed impossible for him to repeat the trick.

Thousands of people flocked into Readestown to see the air-ship sail. The most intense interest was manifested.

Larry and Scipio were right in their element. They cracked jokes and were as full of life and fun as could be. Yet they neglected no duty.

The air-ship was all ready in the great yard. Frank and Kate and Grace took a fond farewell of their friends and then went on deck. Bands played and cannon roared. It was a gala day for Readestown.

Finally Frank went to the rail and waved a United States flag. At the same time he gave the signal to Larry in the pilot house.

Scipio cast off the anchor rope. Larry pressed the electric lever, and like a great bird the air-ship began slowly to rise.

Then great cheers went up from the crowd below. The din was fearful. Up shot the air-ship.

But at that moment, and when but a short distance above the ground, what came near being a tragedy occurred. Suddenly the figure of a gaunt, seedy-looking man sprang through the crowd. In his right hand was a pistol which he held aloft and fired.

Young Frank Reade pressed a hand to his forehead, staggered back from the rail and fell upon the deck. This was all the crowd below saw of him.

But just as the unknown crank fired, the anchor rope trailed over his shoulders. He grasped it, and in an instant was being carried skyward far out of reach of what would have been an avenging crowd.

And this was what the crowd witnessed: The air-ship shooting up toward the zenith with the spider-like figure of the man dangling in air under the air-ship's hull.

All wondered when he would fall and be dashed to death. But suddenly it was seen that he was climbing up the rope.

Up he went, until his figure was seen at the stern rail of the air-ship, right under the propeller shaft. Then he vanished.

That he had gone aboard the air-ship there was no doubt.

On board the air-ship the scene had been a thrilling one.

Cries of horror and agony had escaped Kate and Grace. They rushed to Frank's side at once.

Larry came out of the pilot house with Scipio, and there was no thought of anything else now but the relief of the young inventor.

He was carried into the cabin, and here to the joy of all, it was found that the bullet had only made a slight wound, just

grazing the skull, but inflicting no mortal wound.

Frank's head was bandaged and he was soon quite recovered. But all this had taken time, and the air-ship meanwhile had been ascending.

They had passed through miles of space and to a dangerous altitude. The cold was intense, and frost began to form on the cabin windows.

"Never mind me now!" cried Young Frank. "Lower the ship, Larry. We shall be stifled if you don't."

"All right, sor!" cried the young Celt.

The "Polar Star" dropped a mile or more into more equable atmosphere.

Then all went on deck, Frank being quite recovered. The shock, however, had been severe for the young ladies.

"But what can our friends who saw the affair and cannot understand its outcome, think?" asked Grace. "Ought we not to relieve their minds in some way?"

"We will descend and send them an explanatory message from some point in Canada," replied Frank. "They will know, however, that if anything was wrong we would return."

The air-ship now kept northward. None on board suspected the truth that the crank who had fired at Frank had really come aboard the air-ship, and that a most frightful peril was with them.

The spirits of all now rose. The experience of sailing through the air on the deck of the wonderful "Polar Star" was most inspiring.

There was no sensation of fear, but rather of security. The earth seemed to recede and the fear of falling was entirely removed.

Day after day the "Polar Star" kept to the northward.

Charming were the evenings on deck, when Scipio brought out his banjo and Larry sang quaint Irish ballads taught him by his father and which he delivered in the sweetest of tenor voices.

Day after day thus passed.

Young Frank Reade kept his reckoning, and one day, as a wild and extended waste with snow-capped hills far north opened to the gaze of the voyagers, he said:

"We have reached Alaska. Now we have only to accomplish our mission."

A little cry of eager hope escaped Grace.

"Oh, I shall spend all my time at the rail looking for father," she said. "I know we shall find him."

"If it were not for hope the heart would break," said Kate.

"Be jabers, I think I'd get lost meself in sich a country as this!" cried Larry, scratching his head dubiously. "Bad cess to it!"

"Huh!" sniffed Scipio. "No danger ob yo' gittin' lost anywhere. Dey done find yo' easy enuff by yo' red hair!"

"Phwat's that?" exclaimed Larry, with a belligerent gesture. "Begorra, they'd niver foin'd you from a black hole in the ground."

"Hi, dar, honey, don't yo' git gay wif dis chile!" cried Scipio, shaking his woolly head in lively challenge. "I don't allow 'lshmen to fool wif me!"

"Be me sowl, I'm the exception to that rule!" cried Larry, making a biff at the coon. Scipio lowered his head as if to make a rush at Larry. A lively scrap might have ensued had not Young Frank Reade spoken sharply to the two jokers.

The air-ship now drifted slowly over a wild tract of country. Through deep gorges a foaming river hurled its swift current.

Scipio and Larry had left the deck. Young Frank Reade was pacing up and down. Kate and Grace were leaning over the rail and looking down upon the country below.

Suddenly Grace, who had only the thought of her father constantly with her, gave a great cry.

"Oh, quick! quick! They will kill him! Oh, give him help!"

Young Frank Reade rushed to the rail and looked over. He was thrilled with horror.

"Scipio! Larry!" he shouted wildly. "Come quick! There is a man in distress down there! We must help him!"

Scipio came rushing out of the cabin and Larry from the pilot house. A glance over the rail was enough.

Far below, upon a cliff which overhung the river, three men were struggling. They were in the garb of miners.

It looked as if two were trying to throw the third over the cliff. On the ground was a heap of mining tools and a number of bags which might contain gold-dust.

The poor fellow was shouting wildly for help, and it was apparent that his strength could not hold out much longer. Nearer the edge he was being dragged.

Larry and Scipio sprang into the cabin and came out with rifles. Young Frank had gone into the pilot house and touched a lever which lowered the air-ship.

But just at that moment one of the ruffians looked up and saw the air-ship descending. The effect upon him was most thrilling. What followed was exciting in the extreme.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A Little Fun.

Biggs—Dobbs has remarkable self-control. Boggs—Has he? Biggs—Why, he can talk through a telephone without losing his temper.

First Passenger—Does the train stop here long enough for us to get dinner? Second Passenger—No; only long enough for us to pay for it.

The Mother—How is my Johnny getting on at school? The Teacher—He is rather backward in his studies, but then he is very forward in his manners.

Mother—I am afraid that young man who comes to see you so often is just a trifle fast. Daughter—Impossible, mamma! He comes from Philadelphia.

Jones—You never hear of a servant girl getting struck by lightning. Brown—How do you account for it? Jones—They're never in one place long enough.

"My muvver's awful funny," said the three-year-old. "Why, Jack?" "She said I toudn't play out in ner rain, an' nen took me upstairs an' put me in her baf tub."

"She's a dear girl," said the fond mother, glancing approvingly at her daughter. "Yes, she certainly is," said the father, glancing disapprovingly at her dressmaker's bill.

Bobby—Maw, is that the last piece of pie? Mamma—no, my child. Why? Bobby (who has eaten two pieces)—well, I thought if it was I'd try to worry it down.

Long—I'm getting too stout for comfort, but am unable to find a remedy. Short—It is said that nothing reduces surplus flesh like worry. Long—But I have nothing to worry me. Short—Well, just to help you, I'm willing to let you lend me ten dollars.

Willie (studying his lessons)—Say, pa, where does the Hudson rise? Pa (hesitatingly)—I don't know exactly. Willie—You don't! Just think of it—to-morrow the teacher'll lick me like blazes on account of your ignorance!

"Are you fond of music?" "Very," answered the young man with wide ears. "How do you make the distinction between popular music and classical music?" "Easily. If I enjoy it it's popular, and if I don't like it it's classical."

Conductor—See that insignificant little fellow over there at the pie counter? Passenger—Yes; what of him. Conductor—He's more important than the president of the road. What he says goes. Passenger—Indeed! Who is he? Conductor—He's the train despatcher.

## Interesting Items.

A Chilean snake charmer was recently bitten by a Gila monster while giving a performance at Coney Island, New York. The wound was dressed by a doctor, who tied a tight bandage about the wrist, drawing out the poison. The snake charmer had tied a tight compress about his thumb. This probably prevented the poison from spreading through the system, and undoubtedly saved his life. The bite of one of these snakes usually results fatally.

Probably the youngest hunter in the State of Georgia is Master Graham Wright, the five-year-old son of the Hon. and Mrs. Seaborn Wright, of Rome. This youthful Nimrod has a sportsman's outfit of the finest kind, and has owned for two years a No. 16 boy's shotgun of special make. He is an exceptionally fine shot, and has kept the family table well supplied with rabbits and robins. He is a good wing shot and can kill a partridge with ease. Mr. Wright has four sons and all of them are fine shots and ardent sportsmen.

No century begins on Wednesday, Friday or Sunday. The same calendars can be used every twenty years. October always begins on the same day of the week as January, April as July, September as December. February, March and November begin on the same days. May, June and August always begin on different days from each other and every other month in the year. The first and last days of the year are always the same. These rules do not apply to leap year, when comparison is made between days before and after February 29.

In connection with the practice of stamp-licking, a medical contemporary says: What layman would suspect that the unassuming postage-stamp could become an active vehicle for the spread of deadly ailments? Yet so it is, and the name of "stamp-lickers' tongue" has recently been brought to our notice by two distinguished medical men. It is known to the few that the common postage-stamp owes its adhesiveness to the serum of the horse. It follows that the film drawn from such a source may, or even must, at times be charged with microbes of a more or less hurtful nature. If a man licked a large number of stamps daily over a sufficiently long period of time the chances are he would set up cancer of that much-abused member. The danger has long been recognized by the postal authorities of this country, who have placed dampers on the counters of the post-office.

We Give You Another Chance to Get a Good Wheel for Nothing. See 16th Page.



## Boil It Down.

Whatever you have to say, my friend,  
Whether witty, or grave, or gay,  
Condense as much as ever you can,  
And say it in the readiest way;  
And whether you write of rural affairs,  
Or matters and things in town,  
Just take a word of friendly advice,  
Boil it down.

If you go spluttering over a page,  
When a couple of lines would do,  
Your butter is spread so much, you see,  
That the bread looks plainly through;  
So, when you have a story to tell,  
And would like a little renown,  
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend,  
Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,  
Whether prose or verse, just try  
To settle your thoughts in the fewest words,  
And let them be crisp and dry.  
And when it is finished and you suppose  
It is done exactly brown,  
Just look it over again, and then  
Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print  
An article lazily long,  
And the general reader does not care  
For a couple of yards of song;  
So gather your wits in the smallest space,  
If you want a little renown,  
And every time you write, my friend,  
Boil it down.

10 Five-Hundred-Dollar Pianos are Given  
Away to the Readers of "HAPPY DAYS."  
See 16th Page.

## Doctor Dick;

OR,

## Ten Weeks on Lunatic Island.

By J. G. BRADLEY,

Author of "Captain Thunder," "Sinbad the Second," "The Hero of the Maine," etc., etc., etc.

## CHAPTER I.

## ADRIFT IN UNKNOWN WATERS.

The "Ocean Queen" was a full-rigged ship bound from Sydney, Australia, through the unknown waters of the Southern Pacific in search of a group of mysterious islands said to be positively teeming with hidden treasures.

Navigators, touching Sydney, told blood-tingling tales of what might be expected of these islands if only a seafarer was sufficiently sure of his location not to strand his ship on their treacherous shores and so lose his chance of ever exploring them.

At exactly noon of a midsummer day the captain of the "Ocean Queen" studied his chart and took his bearings for the mysterious islands. At twenty minutes past noon a baby typhoon struck his ship, the ballast shifted and the ship went down in nobody knows how many fathoms of water.

When the life boats put off there were forty persons in them, but all but one went down in the trough of the sea and that one contained only four survivors.

Lem Lee, a sailor, was seated at the helm while the oars were grasped by the ship's surgeon, Dr. Hargous, and two boys, aged fifteen or sixteen years, or thereabouts.

The two boys were New Yorkers, both rich men's sons, who were traveling the world over for experience and pleasure.

Dick Sherman, the elder, was a handsome fellow, as strong as an athlete and as brave as a lion.

Ned Allen was also a fine-looking lad but he was not as hardy or so well developed as Sherman.

When the gale was over and the waves had subsided, the two boys tried to laugh and be as merry as possible, and the ship's physician, who was a very brave man, encouraged them as much as he was able.

Lem Lee, the sailor, was the only one who was sullen. He had been adrift before and knew exactly what was in store for them.

"It's death for us all," he said over and over. "Aye, a thousand deaths, too, for we shall die of hunger, of thirst and of madness."

"One at a time, please," laughed Dick, "and say them slow, old fellow! You are mighty rapid about jumping at conclusions."

"That's because I know," muttered the sailor, stubbornly, but Dick broke in with a pretty sharp answer.

"Oh, shut up that croaking! I don't believe in it!" he cried. "For Heaven's sake brace up and have some spunk about you!"

"Dick is right, brace up, Lem!" said Dr. Hargous, cheerfully. "It's no use to croak; that won't help matters any."

"We are in for it all right, I know," said Dick, "but we are not the first four fellows who were ever adrift at sea in an open boat, and I'll not throw up the sponge until I have to!"

"No, nor I!" cried Ned Allen, looking straight at the sailor, "and if we two landlubbers can keep up our courage, I should think an old sailor like you ought to do so!"

"That's because you are landlubbers," said the sailor, a little more pleasantly. "Taint natural that you sh'd understand the situation."

"I understand it all right," said Dick, very soberly, "but what's the use in trying to cross a bridge before you come to it?"

He laid down his oar and gazed out over the water trying to locate the spot where the ship went down and the tears rose to his eyes in spite of his bravery.

"There's a body, I am sure!" he cried out after a minute.

They all turned and saw plainly a body floating on the surface.

"There's another," said the sailor, drawing his sleeve across his eyes. Then he picked up the oars and turned the boat in that direction.

"We have nothing that we can spare to sink them with," said the doctor, "but it's dreadful to leave them floating about on the water."

The sailor reached out over the gunwale and caught hold of the body, and with the doctor's help succeeded in going through the dead man's pockets.

"We may need these," he said, drawing out a jack knife and some cartridges; then he let go of that body and rowed out after the other.

They were the bodies of sailors and both had knives in their pockets, and one had on a blouse that the sailor confiscated.

"I don't like to rob the dead," he muttered softly, "but the livin' comes first both on land and water."

After they had secured the knives they rowed away from the spot, although they all knew that it would be wise to stay and watch for other bodies in order to secure whatever there was of value about them.

"It's too horrible! I can't stand it!" said Ned Allen, his lips trembling. He seized one of the oars and helped the sailor row quite a little distance.

"What is our stock in trade?" asked the doctor after a little.

Dick dropped down in the bottom of the boat and began inspecting the things that some one had tossed in just as the boat was being swung from the davits.

"One cask of water, some sea biscuits, and a box of herrings in the larder," he said. "A compass, two boxes of cartridges, three revolvers, the clothes on our backs and our jack knives," he finished, slowly.

"And I have my medicine chest and some lint and a case of instruments," said the doctor, "but the salt air has turned the knives very rusty already. By the way, throw those herrings overboard at once!" he said to Dick. "They will only make us thirsty, so we must not eat them."

"That's right," said Dick, as he tossed them into the water.

Ned Allen eyed them wistfully, for he was already very hungry.

"Now, what should we do first?" asked Dick, looking at the sailor. "I am ready to row, swim, keep lookout or do anything else! You are captain of this craft, and we'll all obey orders."

All three looked eagerly at the sailor as Dick said these words, but his back was turned towards them and for a minute he did not answer.

"The compass is busted," he said at last. He had been bending over, examining it carefully.

The boys held their breath at this piece of news, as it seemed to them to be the worst luck that could possibly befall them.

"It don't matter," muttered the sailor, after another brief silence. "We don't know the latitude or longitude or anything else, and as we have no sextant to take the sun a compass would do no good one way or another."

"Have you any idea where we are?" asked the doctor, after a little. He had been scanning the horizon eagerly, but could see nothing but sky and water.

The sailor shook his head and shrugged his shoulders.

"A few hundred miles east of the Auckland Islands," he said, "and a few hundred miles west of Juan Fernandez."

"That's definite," said Dick, dryly, as he tried to fix the two places in his mind. "Why didn't you say at once we were in the South Temperate zone, somewhere between the Tropic of Capricorn and the Antarctic Circle?"

It would have been about as close a calculation as you have given us, but perhaps that's what you call getting your bearings by dead reckoning."

The doctor laughed heartily, and so did Ned, but the sailor was in no mood for laughter.

"What does it matter where we are?" he said, a little crustily. "For we're a thousand miles from the course of any steamer with grub enough on board to last twenty-four hours or a little longer."

Ned Allen's face paled at these words, but Dick only laughed louder.

"Well, then, for twenty-four hours let us act like men," he said. "It's time enough to croak when we can't sing, eh, doctor?"

"That's right, my boy, but come, lend a hand! I see that Lem is rigging up a sail and you are just the one to help him."

"A clever idea," said Dick, holding up an

oar while the sailor tacked a bit of canvas to it in a ship-shape manner.

"That'll keep us moving without our rowing," said Dick, "and will also serve as a signal in case any one sees us."

"But Lem says that no steamer ever passes this way," said Ned.

"Oh, Lem's a nunny! You mustn't believe all he says!" cried Dick.

"I hope one will pass pretty soon," said Ned again, "for we shall find it pretty hot with the sun beating down on our heads, even though the breeze is cool while the boat is moving."

"It's no palace car that we are in, I admit," said Dick, "but of course a steamer will pass! What right has Lem to set himself up as a prophet of evil? There, that's a Jim Dandy of a sail! Just look at it!" he cried, as Lem propped up the oar with the canvas fluttering from it.

"She's good as long as she lasts," said the sailor, "but the first puff of wind will knock her over, so look out, all hands, and don't let the oar hit you."

"Well, I'll be blamed if you are not an encouraging chap," laughed Dick; "but I'm not so sure but that you are right, old fellow."

"I'm right hungry," said Ned, after a minute. "That little typhoon must have stirred up my liver."

"Oh, wait a while. It's not dinner time yet," said Dick, although he, too, was beginning to feel ravenously hungry.

"You are a brave fellow," said the doctor, as he looked at Dick admiringly. "I do hope for you boys' sake that some one comes to our rescue."

"Don't get blue, Doc. We'll pull through all right," said Dick. "I'm the luckiest fellow living, and I predict that we'll be seen and saved by this time to-morrow."

"I've got to have a drink," said Ned Allen pitifully. "I'll only drink a drop, but I must have a little."

The doctor reached over for the cask, but the sailor stopped him.

"Not yet, sir!" he said, firmly. "They must not begin on that yet. You know what it means; we'll not have enough for to-morrow."

"All right," said Ned bravely, as he swallowed two or three times.

"I've got a bit of gum in my pocket that will be better than nothing," said Dick.

He took a small piece of chewing gum from his pocket and broke it in two, giving the largest half to his friend, Ned Allen.

"The motion of the boat is making me sleepy," he said, after a while. They had all been gazing out over the water without speaking for some minutes.

"We'll take turns in sleeping," said the sailor, quietly. "Dr. Hargous, you and Dick try to get a wink if you can, and Ned and I will keep each other company."

"All right," said the doctor, dropping down in the bottom. He was not over strong, and the unusual exercise had almost upset him.

"Here, put my coat under your head," said Dick, handing it to the doctor.

"Your pate was meant to recline on velvet cushions, while mine would make an excellent substitute for a football."

"Thank you," said the doctor, "and now go to sleep. It will help to keep you in trim for what is before us."

"I'm prepared for the worst," said Dick, very soberly, "but I don't think it would be manly to cry or whimper just because I'm in a box that I can't get out of."

"You are made of the right stuff, my boy," said the doctor, "but an American is an American the whole world over."

"Three cheers for Uncle Sam!" cried Dick very sleepily. "Hurray for us and to blazes with old Neptune! If he thinks he's got us he is mightily mistaken, for I have no notion of falling into Davy Jones's locker."

His head dropped on his arm and he went fast asleep, but the doctor did not close his eyes except to rest them from the sunlight.

As for the sailor and Ned, they sat bolt upright like statues, gazing in every direction across the glistening water in hopes of seeing a sail or the smoke of a steamer that would spy their signal and come to the rescue.

## CHAPTER II.

DICK SEES THE DOCTOR'S BODY EATEN BY SHARKS.

It was seven o'clock in the afternoon when Dick awoke from his nap. He looked at his watch and an idea occurred to him. Taking a note book and pencil from his pocket, he made a memorandum of the disaster which had befallen the ship and then added the following for fear they might be found in the boat in an unconscious condition.

"Escaped in life boat, Dr. Amos Hargous of Sydney, Australia; Sailor Lem Lee of Melbourne; Passengers Ned Allen and Dick Sherman, sons of Edward Allen and Noah Sherman, of New York City, U. S. A."

He showed this to the doctor, who he saw was awake.

"A good idea," said the physician, getting up and stretching. "Wind your watch every day as regularly as possible, and jot down in your book the day of the week, the month and the year."

"It gives me cold chills to think of doing it," said Dick, rather solemnly, "but I'll do it, just the same, and say nothing about it." Ned Allen was rubbing his eyes and looked completely fagged out, but the sailor had hardly moved, he was still scowling and watching.

"Tumble in, you two, and have a snooze," said Dick. "I am as fresh as a daisy and can stay on watch until midnight."

"I feel better, too," said the doctor, a little hoarsely. He was nearly choking with thirst, but would not say so.

"I'll die if I don't have a drink," said Ned. He looked so pleadingly at the sailor that the fellow relented.

As carefully as though the cask were filled with solid gold, the sailor raised the cover and dipped out a little in his match safe. It was the only thing he had, but it did not leak and three dippings for each made a fairly big swallow.

The boys gulped it down for their throats were burning, and both longed for more, although they did not say so.

The sailor took his own portion the same as the others, and the boys could not help noticing that he seemed pleasanter after it.

"I'll bet he was choking, and would not say so," whispered Dick to the doctor. "He's a hero after all, in spite of his croaking."

"He is far more anxious about us than about himself," said the doctor. "I saw him glance at you while you slept as though he was thinking deeply about you."

"Poor fellow! He thinks I am a kid," said Dick, "but I hope to show him that I have an old head on young shoulders."

"Here's a biscuit apiece," said the sailor solemnly. He held them out as he spoke, and the others took them greedily.

Ned Allen was asleep in less than a minute after he had eaten his, for the wind had sprung up and its coolness calmed the fever in his veins, and besides he was worn out from the fatigues of watching.

The sailor lay down in the boat in his systematic manner and closed his eyes, but neither of the watches could tell whether he was sleeping.

As the hours went by Dick tried to sing a little, but the doctor warned him to stop, although he would have been delighted to have heard him.

"It will tax your strength and your throat, my boy," he said; "better just sit calmly and try to get as much rest as possible."

"You look pale around the gills; don't you feel well, Doc?" asked Dick, suddenly. It was still light on the water, so he could see the doctor's features clearly.

"A little pain in my side from rowing," said the doctor. "I am not used to violent exercise, but it will pass off directly."

But it did not pass off. Dick could see that very plainly. Before the watch was ended Dr. Hargous was suffering intensely, but trying not to show it.

At eleven o'clock the sailor got up suddenly and motioned for the doctor to lie down, while he resumed the watch.

"You need rest more than I do," he said to him shortly. "Four hours at a time is enough for a sailor."

The doctor was so ill that he was glad to lie down, and every now and then he groaned very faintly.

"Give him all the water he wants," whispered Dick to the sailor. "He can have my share. I'll do without to-morrow."

The sailor scowled a little harder, but did not say anything. A few minutes later he gave the doctor a drink of water.

The night was cool but not too cool for comfort, and when the moon came up the water sparkled like silver.

"What a mockery," thought Dick, as he leaned hard against the gunwale. "Such a beautiful scene and yet such an awful situation."

Suddenly there was a ripple on the water just a little to starboard, and the fin of a shark rose out of the water.

Dick looked quickly at the sailor, who caught his eye and nodded.

"The beast is after 'em, no doubt," he muttered in a whisper.

Dick shuddered and looked in another direction, and soon the dark fin disappeared as the monster went back beneath the water.

After that there was not a sound until nearly morning, except now and then a groan from the doctor as he tried to shift his position.

At seven in the morning Ned Allen woke up. He was in excellent spirits, but as hungry as a hunter.

He ate the one biscuit that Lem gave him and drank his swallow of water, but as it left him as hungry as ever, his spirits went down a little.

Dr. Hargous rose with difficulty, and insisted on taking his turn at watching, but he was so haggard and pale that the others would not let him.

"Isn't there something in your case that will relieve you?" asked Dick. He was about to open the medicine chest, but the doctor stopped him.

"No, there's nothing in there that will do me any good," he said. "Those remedies are more for simple ills like headaches, cramps and sea sickness."

"And what is your trouble? Is it a strain?" asked Dick.

"Partly," said the doctor, "but I guess I have aggravated an old heart trouble."

At noon the sailor gave them each a bis-



cuit and another drink of water, but they were all so ravenous now that this slim diet only seemed to make them more hungry and thirsty.

Dick began to understand why men went mad and did such terrible things when they were adrift on the ocean. He had read of their even committing murder in order to drink a man's blood when their tongues were swollen and their lips blistered and burning.

He tried to put all such thoughts out of his mind, and succeeded fairly well, for he was a resolute fellow.

The water was perfectly calm and there was not a breath of air, and the sun seemed to be hourly growing hotter and hotter.

The rag of canvas hung limp at the side of the oar, but it did not matter much for there was no one to see it.

By night their heads were aching and their eyes were inflamed from the sun, and the pangs of starvation were almost cutting their bodies in pieces.

The water was getting low in the cask, and there was only a dozen more biscuits left, but their throats were so sore that they could hardly swallow them. The doctor was groaning in agony now, and his brain seemed a little flighty and weak at intervals.

Ned Allen was doubled up with cramps before morning, and Dick opened the medicine chest and gave him some laudanum.

"I'll put him to sleep with this altogether," muttered Dick, as he eyed the bottle eagerly, "just as soon as I see that it is all over with us."

His own head was aching almost to split but up to the present time he had not let out so much as a whimper. Every now and then he caught the sailor looking at him and he fancied he could see tenderness in his manner whenever he spoke to him or touched him.

Suddenly the doctor gasped and sat straight up for a moment. It was just at the time when Dick was making an entry in his note book.

"He's gone!" cried the sailor as the doctor's head fell forward on his bosom.

Dick slipped down in the boat and put his hand over his heart.

"You are right," he said brokenly. "The doctor is the first to be rescued."

A half an hour afterward Dick performed a solemn duty. He helped to rifle the doctor's pockets and remove the greater part of his clothing, and then without wrapping so much as a canvas around it, they cast the body into the ocean.

Ned Allen was crying in the bottom of the boat, but the sailor was dry-eyed, looking out over the water.

Dick drew out his note book again and jotted down the time of the doctor's death. Just as he closed it he heard another ripple on the water.

"A shark!" he cried in horror. "And the brute is devouring the doctor's body!"

In another second he had seized the oars and rowed as far as possible from that vicinity.

### CHAPTER III. LUNATIC ISLAND.

When Dick dropped the oars he was almost used up. The loss of his regular supply of food had made him as weak as a kitten.

All that day and the next night he watched silently with Lem or soothed his friend Ned Allen with a few words of comfort. The breeze continued fairly cool and the water was smooth enough not to need any special watching.

At exactly daylight the third day they finished the crackers and the last drop of water. It was a little larger allowance than they had had before, and the water brightened up the boys' spirits a little.

"We must see a sail to-day," said Ned Allen, hopefully. "I feel better somehow. I suppose it is because it is cooler."

Dick looked at him sharply, but did not say anything. He was only too glad that Ned was getting to the pass where he did not feel so hungry.

"We have drifted a long ways in two days," said the sailor. "If I only had a chart and a sextant I might get our bearings."

"Do you think it can be possible that we're anywhere near the mysterious islands?" asked Dick eagerly.

"Can't tell," said the sailor. "No one has ever exactly located them; in fact, they do say that they are forever shifting. It might be our luck to drift on to one of 'em and then ag'in it mightn't be luck to find 'em either."

"Why not?" asked Dick, as if he resented such a statement.

"There may be wild beasts or cannibals or queer critters on 'em. Nobody knows anything about 'em," said the sailor, shortly.

"I'd take chances with wild beasts and cannibals both," said Dick, "for anything is better than this miserable condition."

The sailor said nothing, but seemed to be growing strangely excited. Dick could see his nostrils expand as he sniffed frequently in a certain direction.

Suddenly he sprang up in the boat and shaded his eyes with his hands—his chest was heaving as though he was laboring in some kind of spasm.

For a moment Dick's heart stood still in an agony of fear, for he thought the sailor had gone mad from the heat and starvation.

"Land! I see land!" cried the sailor hoarsely. "Quick, man the oars and stand by her for an hour and we'll be high and dry on some island or other!"

Ned Allen sprang to his feet like a shot and in a jiffy the boys were getting the oars into their places, although their arms were stiff and sore from weakness.

Hope must have given them a little strength, for after a while they were all pulling together steadily.

"It's a beautiful island," said the sailor as they drew nearer, "but I can't understand its tropical appearance. I can see palm trees and coconuts and green foliage everywhere, and the beach looks wonderfully smooth and sandy."

"I hope there are no treacherous rocks for our boat to strike," cried Ned, as he thought of the stories about the mysterious islands.

"Watch out for 'em, if there are," cried the sailor gaily.

In a very few moments they approached the shore, which was just as Lem said, smooth, white and sandy.

"About two miles long, I should say," said the sailor. "There's the best place to land," and he pointed towards a clump of verdant bushes.

At first they could see nothing inland but a dense grove of trees, but as they drew nearer they caught the gleam of gay flowers among the foliage, then a flock of gay colored birds skimmed over the very spot where they were heading.

Just then Lem's eagle eye detected a thin coil of smoke creeping up from behind a rock and floating away into vapor.

"It's inhabited!" he cried, almost beside himself with joy. "Oh, I wonder if we are at last to meet some other human beings!"

"Let us hope so," said Dick, turning to gaze at the island. "By Jove!" he cried suddenly. "Look! there are some of the natives!"

Both Ned and Lem looked in the direction that he was pointing and their eyes were wide open, for they had never before seen such curious looking creatures.

There were eleven of them in all, the boys could count them distinctly, all hopping and jumping about on the beach in a most remarkable manner.

Some looked like old men, bent and twisted from age, but their beards were so long that they dragged on the ground or were looped up behind their ears and stuck out like the horns of cattle.

They all had long hair curling down over their backs or knotted up in the neck like the waterfall of a woman. Then there were great masses of feathers of every kind and description sticking over their heads in every direction, and they had birds' wings and palm leaves tied all over their bodies.

When they saw the boat they set up a monstrous chattering, some screaming like parrots and others laughing like human beings.

One old fellow, whose head towered high above the rest, seemed to be trying to quiet them, or say something to them, and as he danced all around them he brandished a big club in a threatening manner.

"Great Scott! What are they?" asked Ned Allen eagerly.

"They look like a cross between a dime museum specimen of a wild man from Borneo and a lot of ostriches," said Dick, smiling faintly.

"They were human beings once, or are going to be some time," said Lem, after a minute of careful scrutiny. "At any rate we must land and make their acquaintance."

"Are the revolvers all in order?" asked Dick, pulling his from his pocket.

"Mine is," said Ned, "and so is the one that we took from the dead sailor."

Lem took the third weapon and put it in his pocket, and then the boys divided the cartridges evenly between them.

"It's best to be prepared," said Dick, very soberly, "but I must say I call it cheeky of us to shoot them on their own premises."

"I doubt if we will have to," said the sailor, who was still watching the antics of the natives. "See! that big fellow has threatened them until he has got them all in order, and they are huddling together on that little knoll while he is coming alone to the water to meet us."

"Well, if he's not afraid of us, we will not be of him," said Dick, and he at once took off his hat and swung it at the old fellow.

"Hello, Uncle! May we come ashore and visit you?" he cried. "We are only three poor fellows who have been shipwrecked and are starving!"

The boat was gliding steadily ahead as Dick spoke the words, and just as he finished the keel grated harshly on the bottom.

In an instant the old fellow on the shore began bowing and scraping, and as the boys looked at him closer they saw that he was really like themselves, a human being.

Dick sprang out of the boat and waded ashore, going straight towards the old fellow, who advanced timidly to meet him.

"How do you do, sir?" asked Dick, extending his hand. "I judge you are the High Muck-a-Muck of this island, and I bring you greeting from Uncle Sam and

Johnny Bull, to say nothing of President McKinley and Queen Victoria!"

The old fellow bent so low that his beard swept the ground, and the birds' feathers in his hair fluttered and fell all around him.

"I am King Flappy-Doo the Second," he squealed very shrilly, "and I welcome the three Sea Gods to Lunatic Island!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Next Week! "DICK DAREALL, THE YANKEE BOY SPY; or, YOUNG AMERICA IN THE PHILIPPINES," by Albert J. Booth.

[This story commenced in No. 257.]

## YOUNG Admiral Dewey

OR,

### The Rival Steamboats of Long Lake.

By FRANK FORREST.

Author of "Dick, the Half-Breed," "In Ebony Land," "In Peril of Pontiac," "Steve and the Spanish Spies," etc., etc., etc.

#### Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

This is a true story of certain events which happened in the Francis Academy, located in a rural district in the State of Maine, not far from the town of Brownsville.

It was at this academy that Admiral Dewey received part of his early education. As he has since become a leader among men, our naval hero was then the recognized leader among his fellow students; he was among other things the captain of the Academy Boat Club, and, strange to say, the title of admiral was even then bestowed upon him on account of the skill which he displayed in managing the affairs of the club, especially during the races with the boys of a rival educational institution, conducted by Dr. Wertman, on the other side of the lake.

At the time of the opening of our story young Admiral Dewey, assisted by his friends, Ned Carleton, Jim Martin, Charley Bulger and others, had built a handsome miniature steamboat called the Maine, while the "Werts," as the boys of the rival school were nicknamed, had also built a steamboat, called the Skowhegan.

On the night of the day of the opening of our story young Admiral Dewey and his chum, Ned, slept on board the Maine; so did Captain Cole, the builder of the steamboat, who, as was very apt to be the case with him, was very drunk and made a fool of himself by demanding the last payment for his work, which young Admiral Dewey very properly refused to give him until the Maine had made her trial trip.

In the middle of the night the young admiral was awakened by some one entering his stateroom. It was a masked boy, who had in his hand the cash box in which the money due Captain Cole was contained, and with which, in spite of George Dewey's brave efforts to stop him, he managed to escape in a small boat. George and Ned immediately gave chase, but soon lost the trail and were forced to give it up.

They then ran down the lake to Brownsville, meeting the Skowhegan on the way, on which occasion Charley Fox, the leader of the Werts, in trying to cut off young Dewey, ran his boat upon the rocks.

At Brownsville George engaged Murdoch's band to play on board the Maine at the race which was to take place between the rival steamboats, and then the Maine returned to the academy and took out the whole school, including the girls. As they were passing their stranded rival Charley Fox and his gang tried to board the Maine with the intention of taking possession of her, and the attempt might have succeeded if it had not been for the brave part played by George Dewey and Ella Gardner, the leader of the girls in Professor Francis' Academy.

Later there was more trouble. Young Admiral Dewey ran down to Brownsville with his whole party and found that Charley Fox had bribed the band leader to play for the Werts. Very properly George made him give up the ten dollars he had deposited, and after he left the house he found, to his amazement, that the bill given him by Murdoch was one of those in the stolen cash box, which, as it happened, had been marked by himself. Murdoch was out when George and Ned went back to the house and so nothing could be done about it.

George had now made up his mind to try and rescue the Skowhegan, and for that purpose he bought a lot of empty barrels and later attached them to the steamboat. Just as he succeeded in floating her along came the Werts in a little boat called the Grey Gull, and as luck would have it along came a tornado at the same time. The Grey Gull was capsized and it was only by rare good fortune that no one was drowned. During the blow Ella Gardner managed to fall overboard and young Admiral Dewey plunged in to try and rescue her.

It was as dark as Egypt and he could see nothing, but he heard a cry for help, and, to his surprise, found that it came from Charley Fox, whom he bravely rescued and landed on a rocky islet called the Hawk, where he and Charley were separately attacked by two men, Charley mysteriously disappearing, while George leaped into the water down a distance of a hundred feet and swam to the Skowhegan, which was on the other side of the islet, with Ella Gardner aboard alone. The steamboat had been blown there and Ella had managed to get on board and so saved her life.

Fire was now lighted and as soon as steam was up George started for the academy, running into his friends, who, headed by Ned, had come in search of them. Then, to his surprise, he heard that Charley Fox had been seen on the Grey Gull since the storm and later Charley and others of the Werts came up to the Francis Academy to get the Skowhegan and to challenge the Maine for a race.

Charley utterly denied having been rescued by George, so here was another mystery, and one for which there seemed to be no solution.

Next day the race came off. At the start the Maine was in the lead, but the Skowhegan soon ran ahead of her. Young Admiral Dewey, who was at the wheel, kept perfectly cool, however, and the reader will find the progress of the race fully described in the following chapter of this most interesting account of the school boy days of the hero of Manila Bay.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### HOW THE MAINE WON THE RACE.

"What in the world are you trying to do with us, George Dewey?" exclaimed Jim Martin, as he came hurrying into the pilot house. "Are you going to let us be beaten by the Werts?"

"Not if I know it, Jim; why do you ask?" was George's cool reply, giving his wheel a twist to starboard as he spoke.

"Because that's just what you are doing. Don't you see how far ahead they are, and running further and further every moment? The boys are all wild about it. If you hadn't got them under the good discipline you have I declare I believe there would be a mutiny, I do indeed!"

"Now, come, Jim Martin, who's running this steamer, you or me?" retorted Young Admiral Dewey, warmly. "I flatter myself that I know what I'm about."

"I hope you do."

"But you think I don't?"

"I think you've let them run ahead of us when by crowding on a little more steam you might have prevented it, George; since you ask me, I will say that I do think that."

"Well, I won't tell you to mind your own business, but that's the way I feel," retorted George, and it began to look like a quarrel, which very likely it might have been if Jim had not been possessed of sufficient good sense to hold his tongue.

Young Admiral Dewey said no more. He knew exactly what he was about and had lost no hopes of winning the race.

Then, as now, George Dewey had the happy faculty of keeping his information to himself and acting upon it when the time came.

George knew the lake as few boys knew it, for in the days when he was admiral only of half a dozen sail boats he had paid particular attention to currents and shoals and other things which the average boy sailing his boat over the placid waters would never have thought of at all.

Right ahead of them, lying directly in the course over which Charley Fox was steering lay a long, broad shallow stretch where there was barely water enough to float either steamer.

This was caused by a deep sand bank which had been growing higher and higher for a long period of time.

It was on this that George Dewey calculated. He knew that the Skowhegan drew more water than the Maine under any circumstances, and it was worse than ever now, for the steamer was carrying half as many people again as the Maine.

"Is he crazy?" thought George, "or is it only ignorance? It don't seem possible that Charley can't know about the shoals, and yet from the way he is steering it looks as if it must be so."

The Skowhegan was close to the sand bank then, and George held his breath, wild with anxiety to see what Charley Fox would do.

He gave his wheel a twist which threw the course of the Maine clear of the shallows and waited breathlessly for the result.

It came an instant later.

Charley Fox was entirely ignorant of the shallows, and he drove the Skowhegan head on into the sand bank and there she stuck hard and fast.

"Hooray!" shouted George, unable to contain himself now at the moment of his triumph.

The cry was taken up by every boy and girl on board.

As the Maine sailed triumphantly past the rival steamboat they shouted and yelled and hats and handkerchiefs were waved.

"Good-by, old stick-in-the-mud!" bawled Jim Martin.

"Your boat is all right, but you want a new captain; one who understands the lake!" shouted Charley Bulger.

Then it was, "Ah, there—stay there!" and twenty other sarcastic remarks, as the Maine flew on her course leaving the Skowhegan to stop and back and get off the sand bank the best she could, something easily enough done, but it required time.

Charley Fox flew into a furious passion as he always did when he found himself involved in the consequences of his own stupidity.

"You're responsible for this, George Dewey!" he bawled, as the Maine went steaming past. "You had a right to warn me of this! It ain't a fair race! You won't get the cup if I can prevent it. It's just another of your blame tricks."

Then Charley shook his fist viciously at



the Young Admiral, and jamming his wheel the wrong way ran the Skowhegan deeper into the sand than ever.

But George never answered a word. "He didn't talk that way when I took him out of the water and landed him on the Hawk," he thought to himself, "but what's the use talking now? If he was mean enough to lie about that and to deny that I ever rescued him, what can a fellow expect?"

These were the thoughts which went floating through George Dewey's mind as he steered the Maine triumphantly on her course.

But there were others as well. George could not forget that he had seen Charley Fox in the boat with the two ruffians who had attacked him on the Hawk. Besides that, there was the matter of the ten dollar bill to think of.

"This business has got to be investigated clean down to the ground," thought George, "and I'll begin right on it to-morrow."

He knew that he could not expect an easy moment until the mystery was solved. He was uneasy now as he steered the Maine triumphantly over the race course, tying up at Brownsville wharf a good ten minutes before the Skowhegan came along.

There was an immense crowd there to meet them, and cheer after cheer rang out for the Young Admiral.

The selectmen of the town had the prize in hand, which was a handsome silver cup, paid for by the united subscriptions of the boys of both schools.

As soon as the band had landed it headed a procession of all the boys and girls on both steamers, and they marched to the Town Hall.

George fully expected that Charley Fox would kick up a row and claim the cup, but he had evidently thought better of it, for he never said a word when Mr. Taylor, chairman of the selectmen, with a neat little speech presented the cup to Young Admiral Dewey in behalf of the Maine.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### MORE ABOUT THE TEN DOLLAR BILL.

"Are you going to the ball this evening, George?" asked Ned Carlton, meeting Young Admiral Dewey in front of Rathbone's grocery store a little while after the presentation at the Town Hall.

This was an old "gag," high in favor at the time of which we write, but it had a double meaning then, for it had been decided by the Werts to give their informal dance at the hotel just the same as though they had won the race, and somewhat to the surprise of the pupils of Professor Francis' academy, a general invitation had been extended to them all to attend.

As soon as the presentation at the Town Hall was over the boys and girls had scattered all over town.

George had been into Rathbone's to order some supplies for the steamer, and he happened to run against Ned as he came out.

"I don't know whether I shall go or not," he replied. "I confess I don't feel much like it, Ned, and besides, I've got something else I want to do just now. When I see how that turns out I'll decide."

"Why, the dance don't begin till half past seven," said Ned. "We expect you at the dinner, of course."

"I don't know whether I can be there or not," said George. "The fellows can get along without me, and without you, too, Ned. I want you to come along with me."

Now, the programme was for each party to have dinner at the hotel, but in separate rooms, after which they were to join at the dance, which, as before stated, was to be altogether an informal affair.

"Why, of course I'll come with you if you want me, George," replied Ned. "I think I can guess what is weighing heavily on your mind. It's that business of the ten-dollar bill."

"That's what it is," replied the Young Admiral. "We've got to sift that thing to the bottom. I found out last night that Captain Cole had been on a drunk ever since I put him off the Maine; but he can't keep it up forever, and the first thing we know he'll be jumping on us for the balance of his money. We've got to be prepared."

"But what about the detective? I thought he was attending to that business?"

"He may be, but he doesn't seem to be making much headway."

"Of course I'm perfectly willing to go with you, George, if you want me to," said Ned; "but it seems to me as though you had gone about as deep into the matter as you can go. I can't see for my part what you propose to do."

"That's because you don't understand the case at all," replied George, and he went on to tell Ned the whole story of his adventures on the Hawk, something which he had not done until now.

"Phew!" cried Ned. "This looks serious. I didn't take it in before. You are perfectly certain that it was Charley Fox you rescued, George?"

"How could I have made any mistake? Don't I know Charley when I see him? What nonsense to suppose anything else!"

"That's so. What do you propose to do?"

"Act on the information I've got and per-

haps that will lead to more. I'm going over to the mill to see Joe Wertman and ask him how he came to give Charley Fox that ten dollar bill."

"Come, that's taking the bull by the horns. Do you suppose Joe will tell?"

"I don't see why not. The Wertmans are square enough as far as I know."

"I wouldn't want to say they are not, but the way the doctor's boys act about almost everything they do don't look very much like it, and that's a fact."

"We'll decide about Joe after we've seen him," said George. "Come on, we've just about time to get to the mill and none to spare if we want to catch him before he leaves."

The boys started up Main street at a rattling pace, but it may be said right here that Ned Carlton had given up all idea of joining his companions at the supper to be given at the hotel.

It was already three o'clock and the distance to the Brownsville cotton mill where Joe Wertman, the son of Dr. Wertman, was clerk, was a good five miles, which meant a ten-mile walk before they returned.

Not that these two boys cared anything about the distance.

A walk of ten miles to Young Admiral Dewey was just nothing in those days, but it was going to take time just the same, and the question was whether they could get there before Joe Wertman left, for George declared that he had heard that the clerk of the mill sometimes quit the office as early as four o'clock, having business in Skowhegan, where he resided, which occupied him the rest of the afternoon.

Their road led them through the woods around the bottom of the pond, and from the time they were fairly out of the village until they struck the little settlement which had sprung up around the mill there was not a house to be seen anywhere.

They reached the mill just in time to see Joe Wertman getting into his buggy. He would have been gone in a moment more, but as it was George managed to make him hear and he waited until the boys came running up.

"Why, you can say I gave Charley that ten-dollar bill if you want to," said the mill clerk, when George had told his business.

"Yes, I remember that particular bill, too. I noticed the red cross on it. Charley came to me on his bike one day last week and gave me the boat club fund to hold for him. He was afraid to keep it in his room for certain reasons which he did not state, and he told me that the lock of my father's safe being out of order he had been told to bring the money to me. I put the money in our safe and handed it over to Charley when he called for it. That's the whole story, boys. I certainly did give Charley the ten-dollar bill, but he gave it to me with the rest of the money. Now, then, what is it all about?"

"Why, it's just here," replied George. "That ten-dollar bill I marked myself. It was stolen from the cabin of the Maine on Wednesday night with other money. I can prove that."

"What!" exclaimed Joe Wertman. "Do you mean to say that you suspect Charley Fox of being the thief?"

"I don't suspect anybody. I only know the bill."

"Where did you get it? How does it come to be in your possession now?"

"Mr. Murdock, the band-master, gave it to me. Charley admits paying it to him."

"Strange! I believe Charley to be honest."

"I don't like to think otherwise, but I should like to know what day he brought that money here?"

"It was on Thursday in the morning."

"The day after the robbery."

"You better go to my father with this matter, boys," said Joe Wertman, jumping into his buggy. "I can't settle it, and I've got an appointment in Skowhegan this afternoon which I shall have hard work to keep."

Thus saying Joe Wertman touched the horse with his whip and went rattling away, leaving the boys but little the wiser for their long walk.

"There's no use talking, Ned," remarked Young Admiral Dewey, as they started back on the Brownsville road, "Charley Fox has got to show his full hand. He's got to tell where he got that ten-dollar bill."

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### WHAT CAME OF FOLLOWING THE WOODCHUCK.

"George, you had better go slow on this," remarked Ned, as they hurried along the road. "It won't do to make any mistake. Charley Fox comes of a very respectable family. His father might make it bad for you if you were to accuse him of stealing the cash-box and then couldn't bring proof."

George stopped short in the road. "Nonsense!" he exclaimed. "Do you suppose I'm going to stop for that? Not much! When I have to do a thing I do it, no matter what obstacle stands in the way, and I want you to understand, Ned Carlton, that I propose to handle this business exactly in my usual style."

"Well, you needn't get mad about it," replied Ned. "I'm only warning you. It's your affair, and I'm sure I don't want to hinder you from handling it just as you

please—By Jove, there's a woodchuck! Look! Look!"

Now if there was one subject more than another that Ned was cracked on it was woodchucks. He never could resist the temptation to throw a stone at one when he saw it, and he lost no time in doing so now.

He hit the woodchuck, too, or at least he called out to George that he had done so, and then he jumped into the woods after it, calling to George to come on.

But George did nothing of the sort. He was a little miffed at the way Ned had spoken, and he paid no attention to the woodchuck, but strode right on around a bend in the road, leaving his friend to follow when he got ready.

He had not gone a dozen yards when a sharp cry from Ned was heard in the woods.

"George! George! Help!" he shouted. "There was a crashing among the bushes and then all was still."

George turned and ran like a deer back to the place where Ned Carlton had disappeared, plunging among the bushes and coming upon Ned in a moment, lying face downward under a big pine tree, bleeding from a wound in the head.

"Confound the woodchuck!" muttered George.

"What's all this?"

He caught Ned in his arms and raised him up, but the boy was quite unconscious. It was several moments before he came to himself so that he could speak.

"Where are they?" he gasped. "Which way did they go?"

"Who are you talking about?" demanded George. "What happened to you? What's all this about?"

"Why, it was Charley Fox and a tall man. I ran right into them, and they grabbed me. Charley hauled off and struck me. I called to you, and down I went, but I'm sure I don't know where they are now."

"We'll soon find out, though!" cried George. "This is the way they went. You can see where they beat the bushes down. Come on, Ned, if you're able! We won't take that from a Wert."

"Go it!" cried Ned. "I'm with you!"

He seized a stone and George catching up a big stick which lay on the ground, they ran on through the woods, coming out in a moment upon the shore of Long Lake, where they stopped to look around, but there was no one to be seen.

"We've gone wrong!" exclaimed George. "They didn't come this way. We've made a mistake."

He had scarcely spoken when Charley Fox, followed closely by two men, sprang out from among the bushes and made a rush for them.

Quick as lightning Charley sent Ned spinning over on his back with a well-directed blow between the eyes, dodging the stone which came flying at his head.

George got it worse still, for both men jumped on him and had him down before he knew where he was.

"By thunder, this is a streak of luck!" exclaimed the tallest of the two men—the instant he set eyes on them, George knew that they were the same pair he had encountered on the Hawk—"this is exactly what we wanted, and didn't know how to get! Say, Foxy, we've got some one to run the steamboat now!"

"Yes, if we can get it," replied Charley Fox, regarding Young Admiral Dewey as he lay on the ground unconscious with a look of pity. "He can run the steamer all right, that's sure."

Ned began stirring just then.

Instantly the other man jumped on him. "We must make short work of this fellow," he growled.

"Tie him up and leave him in the woods," suggested Charley Fox.

"We'll tie a stone to his heels and leave him at the bottom of the lake," growled the other man. "Get the admiral down to the boat. I'll attend to this business alone."

All this time the tall man had been sitting on Young Admiral Dewey with a cocked revolver turned downward and pointing directly between his eyes.

"Hold on," gasped George. "I don't care what you do with me, but don't hurt Ned, Charley Fox. I never thought you were such a wretch, but you can't be wicked enough to stand by and see Ned Carleton drowned without saying a word."

"Huh! That's not the way to help it to talk to me like that," was the surly reply. "Did I help you the night of the storm or didn't I?"

"Well, who says you didn't? I haven't forgotten it. No harm shall come to you out of this night's work, George Dewey, unless you go to kicking up a row."

"Don't talk to him," growled the tall man passing the revolver over to Charley. "Keep him covered and I'll do the rest."

He seized George by the coat collar and jerked him to his feet.

"Travel on, now, young feller!" he cried. "I'll make you walk Spanish!"

Then catching George by the back of the neck with one hand he seized his trousers behind with the other.

His grip was like iron, and there was no such thing as resisting it.

In spite of himself Young Admiral Dewey went trotting along the shore of the lake.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[This story commenced in No. 258.]

## Going Out West

OR,

### The Fortunes of a Bright Boy.

By C. LITTLE,

Author of "The Aberdeen Athletes," "Willing to Work," "A King at 16," "Minding His Business," etc., etc., etc.

#### Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

This is a story of a bright country boy whose mother died and whose step-father, a close-fisted money lender in the town of Dillsbury, N. Y., made life so disagreeable for him that by the advice of his friends he determined to take the \$500 left him by his mother and go out West.

It would have been just as well for Jim Berry if he had acted upon this determination that very night, for the first thing he did was to run into Nick Marvel, his step-father, on the street. Hot words passed between them, which ended in Marvel's striking Jim a cruel blow in return for which our hero knocked him down.

That night the Western express in passing through Dillsbury was wrecked by an old piece of machinery taken from an abandoned grist mill, which was placed upon the rails by tramps, and many lives were lost.

As it happened Jim slept in the old mill that night and overheard the tramps plotting to wreck the express. The brave boy did his best to warn the engineer and save the train, but he was just too late and all he could do was to jump in and help in the work of rescue. Jim worked bravely and among other things saved the life of Ella Dean, a pretty young Chicago girl; but in spite of the brave part he played the boy was arrested and charged with wrecking the train. His accuser in the examination before Squire Sands was his step-father, who, while in the act of falsely swearing that he saw Jim put the piece of shafting on the track, was struck dead by lightning, the fatal bolt killing him while the lie was still on his lips.

A scene of confusion followed, during which Jim Berry ran away and started for Chicago. As the train on which he was a passenger was entering that city Jim fell in with a confidence man, who stole his \$500, leaving the boy among strangers without a cent.

Hard times followed. For days and days Jim walked the streets of Chicago looking in vain for work, until one night he fell in with a one-eyed man who called himself Knittle and who promised the boy work if he would come with him.

Jim consented and was taken to a secret meeting place of anarchists, which, during the night, was raided by the police. Jim and a poor half-witted boy escaped, our hero falling in with Knittle again, who, in company with a man named Schull, took him to a new building on Michigan avenue, through which they went upon the roof of an elegant house further along the block. Jim soon discovered that the two men were burglars and about to rob the house. They cautiously raised the skylight and lowered Jim down with orders for him to open the scuttle and let them in, instead of doing which the bright boy alarmed the household and the result was that the burglars were captured.

Jim was also made a prisoner and was just about to be taken to the station by a policeman when Ella Dean burst into the room, and, addressing the owner of the house as "father," spoke up for Jim, declaring that he was the boy who had saved her life. What followed this thrilling climax will be found in the following chapter; the story is full of interest to the last line.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### JIM TAKES THE TIDE AT ITS TURN AND STARTS ON TO FORTUNE.

It was the turning of Jim Berry's luck when he fell in with the two burglars, and he knew it before many moments had passed.

Ella Dean's startling announcement that Jim was the boy who saved her life at Dillsbury was the cause of the turning of the tide, of course.

The Hon. James Dean was congressman from one of the Chicago districts, and not only a very rich man, but one known and respected by everybody. As far as the police went his word was law, as Jim very soon found out.

"Is it so, Ella?" he asked. "Is this really the young man who saved your life at Dillsbury?"

"He certainly is, father," replied Ella, shaking him warmly by the hand. "He is the boy I told you about. You know that before I left Dillsbury one of the tramps was caught and confessed that he and his partner put the shafting on the track, and that James here had nothing at all to do with it, except to try to stop them. I believe his story now, just as I believed it then, and you will find out that time will prove it to be true."

"It is true, every word of it, sir," said Jim, earnestly; "and there stands the man who can prove it."

He pointed at Knittle, who was staring at him viciously with his one eye.

Mr. Dean arose and went right up to Knittle.

"Well!" he said, "you have heard the boy. You can't escape! There's no possible chance for you. Don't drag him down with you. Is his story true or false?"

"False," growled Knittle. "He's an old rouser. The girl is dead wrong."

"Say, boss, he lies," put in Schull instantly. "De poy tells de truth. Ve nefer seen



him afore to-nide. I vill turn State's evidence. Ve knew you had de money in de house, so ve vent for it. De poy Knittle picked up in the street—dat's all."

"Traitor!" hissed Knittle, turning on his partner in crime, and striking at him with his manacled hands.

"Take them away!" said Mr. Dean sternly, and there the scene ended. The two burglars were hurried off to the station and as soon as they were gone Mr. Dean called Jim up to his desk and complimented him on the part he had played.

"You're a brave boy, Jim," he said in conclusion, "and for what you have done to-night you shall be well rewarded. I'll see you in the morning, my boy, and we'll talk it over then."

That was the time the tide turned.

Thomas, the butler, took Jim to a large and handsome room and told him to make himself comfortable.

Never in his life had Jim seen such an elegantly furnished chamber or slept in such a bed.

For a long time he lay awake thinking of the strange turn his affairs had taken, but he dropped off asleep at last and when he awoke it was broad daylight and a gong was ringing down-stairs.

Jim thought it must mean breakfast, and he was not mistaken.

He looked around for his clothes, but they had all disappeared, and in their place lay an entirely new outfit so elegant in his eyes that it almost took the boy's breath away.

This was only the beginning. Mr. Dean was not the man to do anything by halves.

Naturally he did not want a ragged, dirty boy at his table, and that was why he sent out in the early morning and purchased the clothes for Jim, who was shown into the breakfast room by Thomas and waited upon like a gentleman born.

The family were all through eating when Jim came down-stairs, but Ella came and sat with him and drew out his whole story from the time he left Dillsbury.

"You'll stay right here with us for a few days, Jim," she said, addressing the boy familiarly. "Father has plans for your future, but he has gone to St. Paul this morning and won't be back until the end of the week."

"I'm sure I don't want any reward for what I did, miss," replied Jim sturdily. "I came out West to make my own way, and all I ask is a chance to do it. If your father will help me to get a place that's all I ask of him. I don't want anything but a chance to work. I'll take care of the rest."

"Oh, father will attend to all that," said Ella. "You've done him a great service, Jim. I'll tell you now that there was a large sum of money in the house and in some way these men seem to have got wind of it. Father sent it to the bank this morning. Early next week he is going out to Idaho with it. He owns a big gold mine out there and perhaps—well, I mustn't tell too much. Father says that's my worst fault. You must understand that since my mother died I'm trying to be a business woman, and help father all I can."

The next few days Jim always looked back upon as the happiest of his life.

Ella drove him all around Chicago and showed him the sights of the city. It seemed strange to go rolling through the streets in a handsome carriage where only a few days before he had walked about a homeless tramp.

On Saturday Mr. Dean returned and greeted Jim most cordially.

Nothing particular took place on Sunday, but on Monday morning Mr. Dean sent for Jim to come into the library.

"Now, then, young man, I want to talk business to you," he said, motioning Jim to be seated. "How would you like to go out West?"

"Why, I thought I was out West, sir," replied Jim, laughing.

"Nonsense! Chicago isn't west any more. I mean away out West. How would you like it if I were to give you a position in my gold mine out in Idaho?"

"Why, I should like that first rate, sir," replied Jim, enthusiastically, "but what could I do in a mine?"

"That's the question. You're a big boy, but I don't suppose you have any more education than the law allows. What I propose is to have you taught the mining business. You will go into the office as assistant to the superintendent, Mr. Barber, who is my nephew, and who will teach you the business. Ella goes out to-morrow night in charge of ten thousand dollars, which is to be used for the pay-roll, and you are to go with her as escort, if you are willing. You see, the Gold Queen—that's my mine—is located away up in the mountains, and as there are no banks out there, we are forced to send the cash direct from Chicago. It's a good deal of a risk, and I usually take it out myself, but I'm obliged to go to Washington next week, so Ella has consented to take my place, and you are to help her through, providing you have no objection to raise."

"Which you may be very sure I haven't, sir," replied Jim, promptly. "If I can be of any use I shall only be too happy, and—"

"And the pay," said Mr. Dean, interrupting him, "will be \$50 a month and all expenses paid. That's enough for a young man like you to begin on, and just as soon

as you are able to earn more, you shall have it. Is that satisfactory, Jim?"

It was more than satisfactory, and Jim said so.

The next day was spent in preparations for the journey, and on Wednesday night Jim and Ella started for Idaho by the Rock Island road.

Jim Berry had not finished his bold undertaking yet, it seemed. Once more he was going out West.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE ATTACK ON THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL.

It was snowing hard when the train on the branch road from Boise City, Idaho, pulled up at the little station at the foot of the Bear range of mountains, stopping just long enough for two passengers to get off.

It is liable to snow any month in the year up in the mountains of Idaho, but it was altogether unusual, so early in the season, to have so severe a storm.

The two passengers were a young lady warmly dressed in simple but expensive clothes, and a young man, or, rather, boy—for neither of them were much over eighteen years of age—who carried two substantial leather grips, a bundle of shawls and blankets, and several other pieces of personal baggage.

Everything about the couple seemed to show that they were people of means.

There was no one at the station but old Sam Turner, who lived there and took charge of the affairs of the railroad company.

He came hurrying up, bowing to the young lady.

"Glad to see you, Miss Dean!" he exclaimed. "This is unexpected. How is your father? When is he coming out?"

"Glad to see you, Mr. Turner," replied Ella, for the travelers were the congressman's daughter and our Jim Berry, of course.

"Father is quite well, but I'm sure I don't know when he will be able to come out. He's in Washington just at present. Has Mr. Barber sent a team for us? Let me introduce Mr. Berry, who is going to help us up at the mines."

This was always Ella's way, and her free speech and pleasant manner had made her a great favorite among the miners, for this was by no means her first visit to the Gold Queen.

"Glad to see you, too, sir," growled the old station agent. "Yes, Miss Ella, the team is here, but you mustn't think of starting in such a storm. Confound that fellow Bill Dates! He's gone down to White Springs and hasn't shown up. I've no doubt he's on a drunk. Miss Ella, you see the train is so late that we about gave it up. I tried to hold him here all I knew how, but it wasn't no use."

"We don't need him," said Jim. "Where's the team?"

"Under the shed behind the station," replied Turner; "but you can't never drive them horses up the mountain in this storm."

"I'd like to see the team I can't drive," said Jim coolly. "How far is it to the Gold Queen?"

"Why, it's about ten miles in a straight line," replied Ella, "but as we have to go it is fully eighteen."

"Straight road?"

"The crookedest in the world," said the agent, "but you can't miss it, because it is the only trail there is. Take my advice, Miss Dean, and let your friend drive you down to the Springs. You can put up there at the hotel until morning, and then look up Bill. It's better to be on the safe side."

But Ella positively refused to listen to anything of the sort.

"Why, I'd drive myself before I'd do that," she declared. "Jim, you ought to be able to drive that team."

"Of course I can," replied Jim. "The only thing is to be sure of the way."

"I can show you the way all right," said Ella promptly. "Come, let us start at once. It's pretty near dark now, and we want to get fairly on the mountain while we can still see."

"That settles it," said Jim promptly. "You look after the grips, Ella, while I get the team."

Now, it was most important that some one should keep an eye on the grips, for in one of them ten thousand dollars in bills for Mr. Barber's pay-roll was carefully packed.

Ella, indeed, was more concerned about it than Jim himself, for she knew the wild nature of the country far better than he did.

There was not only the dangers of the road to be considered, but there was also the question of outlaws to be thought of. One notorious band led by a certain "Idaho Bill," had held up more than one train and stage coach in these parts, although as yet they had never attempted to interfere with any one belonging to the Gold Queen.

Ella began to tell Jim about them as our hero started the team up the mountain in the face of the driving storm, and it made him feel a bit nervous.

"We'd better get out the revolvers, hadn't we?" he said. "Of course we may not have any trouble, but it's best to be on the safe side."

"I suppose it is," replied Ella. "Here, let me have the big grip. I'll get them out. You've got all you want to do to attend to your team, Jim."

"Oh, I'm getting along all right," laughed Jim. "As for the storm, it doesn't amount to anything. I don't think it is snowing half as hard as it was."

They were now pretty well up on the side of the mountain. The trail was rough beyond all expression; if the wagon had not been constructed with heavy springs expressly for such a road it would have broken down a dozen times over.

By the time Ella got the revolvers out they had entered upon one of the worst stretches of the road, for here a great wall of rocks rose to a height of hundreds of feet on their left, while on the right was a precipice rising almost as high out of the valley below.

"This is the Devil's Slide," said Ella. "It runs for about three miles on, and then the valley rises to within about fifty feet of the trail. There is a big swamp down there. It used to be a lake, but father drained the water off to see if there wasn't gold on the bottom. He always laughs when he talks about it, Jim, for he says if he had just taken the five thousand dollars it cost him and pitched it in the lake he would have been better off."

"Hark!" whispered Jim. "What was that?"

"Why, I didn't hear anything. What did you think you heard?" asked Ella.

"It seemed to me that I could hear a horse ahead of us. I don't hear it now, though."

"We can hardly expect to meet anyone here at this time of day," laughed Ella. "I guess my tales about Idaho Bill have given you a scare, Jim."

"No scare here," replied Jim, cracking his whip. "I mean to keep my eyes and ears open, though, just the same."

They were coming to a bend in the wall of rock now, and as the wagon swept around it Ella gave a startled cry.

There sat five mounted men drawn up along the wall, and two others planted directly across the trail.

They all wore big slouch hats and long boots, which came up above their knees.

"You want to stop that wagon!" called one of those who faced the travelers, leveling his revolver at Jim. "Stop where you are, or we'll blow you to blazes! Them's the orders of Idaho Bill!"

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE FALL OVER THE CLIFF.

"Get up! Get up, there!" shouted Jim, giving the horses a stinging crack with the whip.

That was Jim all over. He had no more notion of stopping on the order of these outlaws than he had of flying to the moon, and it was just the same with Ella, for without the slightest hesitation she threw up one of the revolvers and began firing at the outlaws who blocked their path.

It was brave, yes, and reckless, too. Perhaps if Jim had known more about life in the wild West he never would have dared to attempt it.

All in an instant he realized what he had brought upon Ella and himself, for the shots came whizzing about their heads.

"On, Jim! On!" cried Ella, who kept her firing up as coolly as if there had been no danger. "Crowd them off the trail!"

This was just what Jim was aiming at, and fortune favored the mad attempt.

The horses of the outlaws were crowded against the rocks and Jim forced his own between the two men who blocked his path before they had time to realize what he was about.

The wheels cut the legs of the horse on their left, but the one on the right was crowded off the trail altogether.

With an awful yell the outlaw who rode it went whirling down into the ravine, while Jim and Ella with the bullets flying all about them, went dashing on down the mountain trail, for right here they passed over the first ridge and began to descend into the valley below.

"Flames and furies! We'll fix you for that!" yelled a voice behind them. "After them, boys! Kill 'em both!"

It was more than a miracle that neither Jim nor Ella were hit then, for the shots came thick and fast.

"Down, Ella! Down!" cried Jim, lashing his horses into a pace which threatened to send them whirling over the precipice every instant.

"Keep it up, boys! Keep it up!" they heard a voice shout behind them. "They can't escape us! They've got to pay for poor Nate's life!"

"Oh, Jim, what shall we do?" gasped Ella. "They are sure to get us! Perhaps you'd better stop!"

"Never! That means death!" cried Jim. "Lay low, Ella! We'll fight till the last gasp!"

The words were scarcely spoken when a shot passing Jim struck the off horse.

Instantly the animal began to rear and plunge, and then the end of the mad chase came in a hurry, for all in an instant the wounded horse shied and down over the precipice the wagon went whirling.

Ella screamed, but had presence of mind

enough to hold on to the side of the wagon, but Jim pitched out head foremost, turned over as he went whirling downward, and found himself up to his middle in mud when the end came.

He had fallen into the swamp, and there he stood entirely unharmed, with the wagon upright stuck in the mud over the tops of the wheels and Ella still holding on to the seat screaming:

"Jim! Jim! Oh, Jim!"

"Hush!" said Jim. "Don't let them hear you. Are you hurt, Ella? I'm all right." To reach the wagon was a difficult task, but Jim did it, coming up on solid ground as he came within reach of the seat to which Ella clung desperately.

The swamp had saved them both. If the wagon had struck one foot further in toward the precipice, Ella might have been instantly killed; but as it was Jim managed to pull her out on to the solid ground unharmed.

"Hello! Hello! Are you alive down there?" the outlaws shouted down from the trail above them.

"Don't answer!" whispered Jim. "Here, let me get the grips out. We must leave the team just where it is, Ella. We can do nothing for the horses, but if we are sharp, we may manage to find some place where we can hide."

Jim seized the grips and Ella hurried after him along the edge of the cliffs where there was a narrow strip of solid ground.

But there was no chance to hide here, for it was swamp on one side and rocks on the other, and worse than all, they could hear the outlaws dashing along the trail calling to each other about going down into the swamp.

It was perfectly evident that they knew of some way of getting there, and Jim was at his wits' ends to know what to do to keep out of their way.

"What's to be done?" panted Ella. "They are coming after us as fast as ever they can come. Oh, what's to be done, Jim?"

"Keep it up!" exclaimed Jim. "Have courage! We must reach the end of these rocks now!"

But Jim did not know that the cliffs ran almost unbroken for a mile or more.

There was one break just ahead of them, however, a sort of niche in the rocks extending back twenty feet or so, and in that niche Ella's father when he drained the lake had ordered a small hut to be built to be used for the workmen.

In a moment Jim and Ella came in sight of this hut, and almost passed it in the darkness.

The outlaws were now close behind them. They could hear them calling to one another as they urged their horses on over the narrow strip of solid ground.

"In here, Ella!" cried Jim. "It's our only chance. If we can barricade the door we can at least defend ourselves for a while."

Thus exclaiming, Jim burst open a door of the hut and pushed Ella for into the dark interior.

There was a sudden rush and something sprang up out of the darkness and seized the girl by the throat.

"Jim! Save me, Jim!" shrieked Ella, striking out with the grip which she was carrying.

Jim sprang to the rescue without being able to tell in the darkness whether he had to fight man or beast.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

15 Fifty-Dollar Bicycles Given Away to the Readers of "HAPPY DAYS." See 16th Page.

## Only Four of Its Kind

A strange wild bird of the coast fiords of New Zealand is the notornis mantelli, another specimen of which has just been caught, and so precious are they and so greatly in demand by naturalists that many lives have been lost in the effort to run them down in their remote fastnesses in the wilderness.

The steamer Warimoo, arrived recently at Vancouver, reports the capture of a notornis by a dog belonging to a tourist. It is a handsome bird, with a heavy gait, and is absolutely unable to use its wings for natural purposes of flying.

Its feathers, back, wing and tail, are an olive green, with almost metallic lustre and below a short tail, very peculiarly, it is pure white. Its legs and toes are a rich salmon red.

Another remarkable feature is its beak, a great equilateral triangle of hard pink horn, with one angle directly forward. On the upper side back of the beak is a band of soft tissue, like rudimentary comb, such as appears more developed in ordinary domestic fowl. Altogether it is a most peculiar specimen.

The present specimen is not likely to be bought for less than two thousand and will probably go to the British Museum.

The notornis is a powerful creature and very fleet of foot. It covers ground very rapidly and does not seem to mind its inability to fly. It runs away from those who hunt it, uttering loud screams when discovered close at hand. It can run faster than a man. It is also a good swimmer.



# HAPPY DAYS. HUSTLING BOB;

OR,

## THE SMARTEST BOY IN TOWN.

By P. T. RAYMOND,

Author of "10,000 Miles from Home," "Lost Hopes Mines," "His Own Master," "The Timberdale Twins," etc., etc., etc.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE BOY WHO WANTED TO WORK.

"That boy is a hustler, whoever he is," remarked Squire Evans, as he stood looking out of the window of his law office one bright September morning. "I don't care who he is or where he came from, he's certainly a hustler and it's a great pity we haven't more like him in town."

"Which boy do you mean?" asked the

man. "Six journeymen painters in town and I with a job for which I stand ready to pay double price to have finished and can't get it done. I'm going to give the boy a chance."

"If he tackles it he'll finish it, Wendell," said the squire; "that boy Bob is a hustler and no mistake."

Now, Squire Evans was not the only man in Brookville who had come to the same conclusion about this boy.

him, there was nothing offensive about it; and Bob, who was not at all thin-skinned, took it just as it was meant.

"That's strike business, sir," he said. "I suppose the painters here in town would go for me if I was to tackle that job."

"That's your look out, young man. Dalman is paying three and a half a day for ten hours' work and these fellows are on strike for eight hours. I want the job finished and I'll pay fifty cents an hour to you or any one else who will take hold. The paints are mine, and so are the brushes and the ladders. They are all on the ground, so if you want to jump right in and earn my money, all you've got to do is to say the word."

"I'll do it," said Bob, after a moment's thought. "I'm not a painter. I don't belong to their union. I don't see why I should say no and turn good work away." "Spoken like a man!" cried Mr. Wendell. "I admire a hustler. I've nothing to do with Dalman's quarrels. I want my barn painted and if you'll paint it for me you won't be sorry, that's all."

"I'll do my best," said Bob, "but you

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"HAPPY DAYS"  
Has Some Great Things  
COMING!

Hon. James S. Wendell, looking down into the street over the lawyer's shoulder.

"That one there—the fellow who is sweeping off the sidewalk for Black, the butcher," replied the squire, pointing down at a ragged boy of some nineteen years who was working an old broom vigorously a little further down the block.

"That fellow? Why he looks like a tramp."

"I understand he is a tramp. He came into town here about a week ago, nobody knows where from, I believe."

"I've no use for tramps," replied the Hon. James, coldly.

"Nor have I, as a rule; but I say again, that boy is a hustler. If he lives he'll make his mark."

"He certainly seems to be making a good deal of dust down there. Is he working for Black, do you know?"

"He's working for anybody who will give him a job," replied the lawyer, "and whatever he puts his hand to he seems to do with the same energy that you see him displaying with that broom."

"By Jove, I wish he'd put in a couple of days for me, then, and finish painting the front of my barn," said Mr. Wendell. "Those lazy beggars of Dalman's have been on a strike for eight hours for the past three weeks, meanwhile my barn stands half painted and looks like distress. I'm expecting Senator Wright on from Washington to pay me a visit at the end of this week. I'm really ashamed of the looks of my place as it is. Wonder if he can paint?"

"Well, now, I guess he can," laughed Mr. Evans. "I wanted the floor of my back office painted and Dalman couldn't do it on account of the strike. It was finished day before yesterday, though. How do you think it looks?"

"Why, it looks first rate," said Mr. Wendell, surveying the floor, "is that the boy's work?"

"It is. I don't know as he'd dare to tackle your barn, on account of the strike."

"Strike be blowed!" cried the Congress-

man. "Who he was or where he came from nobody seemed to know, but one thing everybody admitted and that was that the boy was a hustler."

Nearly every tradesman in the street had tried him at odd jobs and in every instance he had worked as though he loved work. Squire Evans was not the only one who had become interested in the boy.

When the Hon. James S. Wendell went downstairs out of Squire Evans' office he fully intended to go straight up to Bob and have a talk with him, but one of his old friends met him at the door and took him into the bank, and after that other business took his attention and he forgot all about it until just before noon he ran into Bob, who was walking rapidly up Main street.

"Hold on, young man, you are driving ahead as though you were going somewhere!" exclaimed the magnate of Brookville, laying his hand on the boy's arm.

"So I am, sir. I'm looking for a job."

"Hello! Why you are hustling along as though you had some special job in your mind's eye. Is that so?"

"No, sir. I can't strike anything more to do here in town so I'm going over to Dalton to try my luck there."

"Going to walk it?"

"Why, yes, sir. The only horse I own is shank's mare."

"Yes? You were working her for all she was worth when I stopped you. Do you know me, boy?"

"You are Mr. Wendell, I believe."

"That's who I am, and they tell me you are Bob somebody. What's the other name?"

"Somers, sir. Bob Somers. If you have anything to do—"

"Perhaps I have, perhaps I have. I live in the big house on the hill; there's a barn up there half painted. Want to finish the job, Mr. Hustling Bob?"

Now the Hon. James had a very pleasant way about him and when he gave Bob this nickname, which afterward stuck close to

mustn't be too particular about the looks of the work."

"My risk," laughed the Congressman. "Hustle, Bob! Slap the paint on best you can and let her go."

And Bob did hustle.

All that afternoon he slapped the paint on Mr. Wendell's barn and he did it pretty smoothly, too.

At six o'clock Mr. Wendell came out with his daughter, Nellie, to have a look at the work and pronounced it all right.

"Where are you stopping, my boy?" he asked.

Bob blushed. Nellie Wendell's eyes were upon him and he had already determined that she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen in his life.

"Well, sir, I'm not stopping anywhere in particular," he replied.

"Humph! I understand you have been sleeping in more places than my haymow?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where are you from, anyway?"

Bob looked troubled.

"I don't want to talk about myself, sir, if you please," he said, quietly. "I—er—"

"You would be obliged to me if I'd mind my own business," laughed the Congressman. "Well, there'll be supper for you to eat in the kitchen by and by and breakfast to-morrow morning and there's the hay to sleep on until the job is done."

"Oh, can't we give the young man a room, father?" exclaimed Miss Nellie; "it seems just dreadful to have to sleep in the barn."

"No, miss, I do not care for a room," replied Bob, promptly. "I don't want to trouble any one. I can take care of myself."

"Independent. Well, I like that," said Mr. Wendell, as he strolled on into the garden with his daughter.

He was right. Bob was independent. He slept that night in the freight yard at Burling Junction, two miles out of Brookville,

(Continued on page 10.)



DOWN FLEW THE PAINT POT TURNING ITS CONTENTS ON THE SHINY PLUG HAT OF MR. PETE PRYER, WHO, WITH A FIERCE IMPRECATION, JUMPED BACKWARD TOO LATE TO SAVE HIMSELF FROM THE SHOWER OF PAINT, BUT JUST IN TIME TO BACK INTO MISS NELLIE WENDELL'S BICYCLE.



[This story commenced in No. 257.]

## Across the Continent on Cheek;

OR,

### Tommy Bounce and His Funny Adventures.

By SAM SMILEY,

Author of "Harry Hawser," "Bob and His Uncle Dick," "Uncle Jake," "Smart and Sharp," "Goliath," "The Last Bounce," etc.

#### Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

The father of Tommy Bounce makes a bet of five thousand dollars with his friend Grimes that Tommy will make the trip from New York to San Francisco on cheek, starting without a cent in his pocket and without anything upon which he might realize, neither earning nor borrowing money on the way, but procuring his board, lodging and transportation by his impudence alone.

Tommy accepts the bet on his father's part and makes the start, taking with him Jim

At Toledo Tommy played a fine joke on Jim and got a square meal besides in a colored church where there was a convention going on, Jim getting a fine clubbing by the colored sisters, who thought he had stolen their provisions.

Just out of Toledo Tommy made Jim borrow a horse and buggy standing on the street and drive away, and then he got another fellow to chase after Jim on the idea that he was a horse thief, although he had not said so, and before Jim was overtaken he and Tommy had been given another lift on the road, get-

dat beefsteak ef I don't hu'y up," muttered Jim, as he got a move on him.

By the time the practical man had convinced the proprietor of the restaurant that he was not in the plot to bilk the establishment, Jim had put four or five miles between himself and the place.

He didn't do it all on his own feet, however.

A hand-car came along, and Jim asked the two men who were operating it for a ride.

They gave it to him, but they made him work his passage at the same time.

"Huh! ef I'd knowed I had ter wo'k, I'd 'ev e't mo' ob dat steak," he remarked.

"Won' las' long ef I hab ter wo'k it off like dis."

At the end of about six miles the men said they shouldn't need the hand-car any longer, and that Jim would have to walk.

"Yo' wouldn' min' ten'in' it ter me fo' a houah or two, would yo'?" asked Jim. "I kin make putty good use ob it."

"Why, no, we don't mind, do we, Tom?" said one.

"No, I guess we don't, Jack," said the other.

"Yes, you can have it. Leave it anywhere along the road you like."

"That's right, just hang it up any place when you get tired."

Jim might have suspected something, but he didn't.

Those two men really had no right with that hand car.

They had escaped from a lock-up, had swiped the car out of a shed and had used it to get away with.

They had gone as far as they dared with it and had abandoned it.

They were coming to rather too settled a region to be found with such a piece of property in their possession and so they had concluded to shake it.

Jim went on, turning the crank and grinding out a pretty good rate of speed.

It was a hundred per cent better than walking, even if there were a certain amount of labor and worry connected with it.

"I wondah wha' Marse Tommy fink ef he see me on this new biscikle," muttered Jim, as he turned away. "I jes' ain' gwine ter give him a bike when I cotch up ter him, ter pay him fo' lettin' me lose de train."

At the end of ten miles Jim was suddenly stopped.

Four or five men stood in the way, commanded him to halt, and then yanked him off the car.

"Steal a hand-car, will you?"

"Where are the other two fellows?"

"You've had a ride, and now you'll pay for it."

"Neber stole nuffin'," said Jim. "De two ge'men len' me de cyar an' sayed I could hab it long as I wan' ter."

"Oh, they lent it to you, hey?"

"You was one of them what stole it."

"We heard all about your getting out of the lock-up."

"Now you'll get in again and stay there."

"Didn' stole nuffin', I tol' yo' ge'men," protested Jim. "I was jus' walkin' 'long de railroad track aftah Marse Tommy done lef' me on de train an' dese two ge'men come 'long on de kyar an' I axed 'em could I hab a ride, an' dey sayed yas I could ef I'd t'n de han'les, an' I done done it."

"Huh! that's a likely story. What about the two men? Where did they stop at?"

"Back yer a few miles. Dey sayed dey wasn' gwine no fudder, an' I axed 'em could I borry de machine an' dey 'lowed I could, an' keep it jus' long as I had a min' ter, an' I tort I'd cotch up to Marse Tommy on it."

"Who's Tommy?"

"Why, he am Marse Tommy Bounce, o' co'se, an' he am gwine ter Saffrancisco on him cheek, he am, him an' me."

"Going to San Francisco on his cheek!" echoed the crowd.

"Yas'r, me and him. We ain' spendin' a cent o' money, jus' pushin' ouah faces fo' all dey am wuff, dat's all."

"Well, you can't push your face agin me,"

said one of the men. "You stole that hand-car and you've just got to come along with us before a judge and get locked up for it."

"Don' min' goin' 'long o' yo', but I ain' gwine ter be locked up fo' nuffin', I tol' yo' dat straight," said Jim.

The whole gang walked along the track, and presently they met Tommy himself.

"Dar's Marse Tommy now," Jim said, "an' yo' kin ast him ef I wasn' tellin' de trufe."

"Hello, Jim, you caught up to me, did you?" said Tommy. "I got fired from the train and thought I'd better wait for you."

"Yas'r, I reckoned I wan' ter cotch up to yo', an' some ge'men done len' me a han' cyar an' dese ge'men say I done stole it. Ain' stole nuffin'."

"This is my servant, Jim Gloom, gentlemen. If you found him with the hand-car, it is just as he says it was."

Jim was allowed to go, but as he started off with Tommy, he said:

"Huh! make a fellah wo'k him own passage an' den get him arrested. Yo' folks mus' tink I wan' ter steal mighty bad to run right inter de p'liceman's han's lak dat. Strikes me yo' ain' got much sense, dat's what it do."

Then the two travelers continued their journey undaunted by any such trifling incident as the threatened arrest of one of their number.

Two or three days of riding on freight trains for various distances, long and short, in box cars, on platform cars, coal cars and any other old thing, by day and by night, got them across the Indiana State line into Illinois, and pretty well into it, too.

Tommy's once neat-looking suit was getting greatly wrinkled and travel stained, however.

The trousers bagged sadly at the knees, the coat sleeves were frayed at the elbows, and the vest showed signs of wear.

Jim's black suit was getting very shiny and rusty looking, and gave him a shabby genteel air which stood greatly in his way.

Finally Tommy tore a great rent in one leg of his trousers while riding in a lumber car, and had to borrow some pins to fix it up.

Their train stopped at a station not far from Springfield, Illinois, and this very car was opened to get out some of its load.

The very portion that did not want to be removed was fired as soon as it was discovered.

That is to say, Tommy and Jim were found by the train hands and promptly removed.

It was during the removal that Tommy tore the leg of his trousers.

"Get out of here, you tramps," said the captain of the freight crew, "and don't you try to ride free with me any more, or you'll get in the lock-up."

"I am opposed to monopolies of every description," said Tommy airily. "This railroad is a monopoly, and therefore I ride for nothing over its lines whenever I can."

"Well, you won't when I'm running a freight train," said the conductor.

"You will observe that there is a bad break in my pants leg," continued Tommy, exhibiting the rent, "and as you have been the cause thereof, I shall be obliged to demand the means of remedying the same."

"Here's some pins," laughed the man, giving Tommy two or three of those useful articles, taken from the lapel of his vest, "but I must say you've got a cheek."

"Yes, I'm traveling on it," said Tommy, sitting on the edge of the station platform and proceeding to catch up the rent as well as he could with the means at his disposal.

"Why don't you go to work? You look strong enough. A young fellow like you don't want to be a regular hobo."

"Ah, what are you giving me?" laughed Tommy. "I'm not a tramp. This is a bet. I'm checking it to 'Frisco. My pop's backing me against another old fellow."

"Oh, well, why didn't you say so?" and the conductor laughed. "Is the coon with you?"

"Yes, he's my servant."

"Where did you start?"

"New York."

"And checked it all the way?"

"Yes."

"How long?"

"Couple of weeks, about."

"Well, you'll get there. Say, I don't mind helping you, now that I know what you're up to. Get in the caboose and come along with us."

"Can't do it," said Tommy, who had caught up the tear by this time. "I've got to do it on cheek. If you help me, I lose. Tra-la-la, but thanks, all the same."

Then he got up and trudged alongside the track, Jim just behind.

They got into Springfield and then Tommy, with Jim at his side, sailed into a pretty decent restaurant, walked up to the desk and said to the boss of the place, who had been mashing the lady cashier:

"Oh, my appearance I know is not in my favor, but could you let your young men serve me, in spite of it? I have met with an unfortunate accident, and my toilet is in rather a damaged condition."

"Yes, you can eat here, if you like."

"Ah, thank you very much. This is my servant. There will be no objection to his sitting with me?"



TOMMY WENT OUT OF THE RESTAURANT IN A MANNER QUITE IN KEEPING WITH HIS REPUTATION. HE FAIRLY FLEW, IN FACT. IT TOOK TWO MEN TO FIRE JIM, FOR HE WANTED TO STOP AND ARGUE, SAYING THAT HE WOULDN'T PATRONIZE AN ESTABLISHMENT THAT DIDN'T KNOW A GENTLEMAN WHEN THEY SAW ONE.

Gloom, an old, fat, pompous, consequential negro servant, who has been in the Bounce family for generations.

Jim is very fond of Tommy, notwithstanding the fact that the boy is constantly playing jokes upon him, and determines to make the trip across the continent with his young master, Tommy, on his part, being glad to have Jim along, as it will give him many opportunities for having fun.

The two travelers make a flying start, Tommy stopping an express train and getting as far as Albany by keeping the conductor listening to funny stories whenever he appears, and so making him forget all about asking for tickets.

At Albany Tommy and Jim take the places of two travelers, who are stopping over from the Chicago limited train, and succeed in getting nearly to Syracuse before they are discovered.

Then Tommy and Jim are put off, considerable force being used in Jim's case, and the two travelers have their first dose of walking.

They walked into Syracuse, where Tommy secured a night's board and lodging by making the clerk think his baggage had been detained and in the morning borrowed a horse and buggy on the pretence of wanting to buy them, drove ten miles, and sent the rig back, with a note saying that he had all he wanted at home.

Then he ran across a man who was taking a dead body to a town a few miles distant, stowed Jim in the hearse, took the place of a young man who was going along to show the driver the way and got another lift.

Jim's sudden appearance from the hearse when they reached the end of the journey so frightened the driver that he and Tommy got away before the man and the spectators standing about recovered.

From here Tommy checked his way by one means and another to Cleveland, being seen at Buffalo by a man employed by Mr. Grimes to follow him and see that he kept strictly to the terms of the bet, this man reporting to Mr. Grimes, who told Mr. Bounce, the latter not having heard from Tommy, but having no worry about his not being able to win the bet.

Tommy reached Toledo by railroad conductors on hotel people and various cheeky tricks and now and then on Jim, for, having Mr. Gloom along, he could not resist the temptation of playing jokes on him.

ting away while the owners of the teams were trying to get an explanation of the affair.

Down in Indiana Tommy made a bet with a practical man that he and Jim could eat a four pound beefsteak, with all the trimmings, in twenty minutes, the practical man thinking that he had a sure thing and saying in a joking way that he would pay for the steak, never expecting to do it, of course.

Tommy lost, there being a pound of steak left when the time was up, and then, while an animated discussion was going on between the restaurant proprietor, the practical man and Jim Gloom as to who should pay for the steak, he made a bolt for a western bound train, the restaurant being quite near the station.

He got the train, which was just leaving, and then Jim raced for it, followed by the practical man, the restaurant keeper and the head waiter. The story is continued from this point.

#### CHAPTER V.

Jim Gloom was just about to grab the rail and jump on board the departing train when Tommy yelled:

"Say, Jim, are you sure this is the right train?"

This doubt had never occurred to Jim.

He saw Tommy on the train and supposed that of course it was the right one.

"I donno!" he gasped, drawing in his hand. "Ain' it, Marse Tommy?"

"Yes, come on, it's all right."

Too late.

The lost opportunity could not be regained.

The train was out of reach.

Jim stood looking at it grow rapidly smaller in the distance, and muttered:

"Don' see wha' he wanted ter say dat fo'."

'Twould ha' been time 'nuff ter fin' o't if 'twas wrong after I got abo'd. Jus' fo' not makin' up his min' in time, he done make me lose de train."

Away went the train, and away went Tommy on it, and soon both were out of sight.

"Reckon dey come an' make me pay fo' of labor and worry connected with it."



"Not the slightest, if you wish it."  
"Ah, thank you. I am aware that there are race prejudices in certain sections, and I was not sure if they obtained here."

"No, sir, not when one pays his bills. You pay for your servant, of course?"

"Usually, yes."  
"Order whatever you like, seat yourselves wherever you wish, but let me see your order first, and pay the cashier before you are served."

The man was onto them, as Tommy realized.

"Sir!" he said loftily, "do you doubt either my ability or my willingness to pay for what I eat? Why, sir, I have eaten at the best hotels in the land."

"Yessuh, we have traveled in de bes' sassiety, sah," said Jim, loftily. "Yo' don' mean to impinge on ouah veracity, do yo', sah?"

"I must have my money before I order my men to serve you," said the boss. "I am not taking chances."

"Sir," said Tommy, "I scorn to eat in your place. Unless one has full confidence in me, I wish to have nothing whatever to do with him. Good day."

Tommy and Jim went out. They were helped out, however. The boss winked at two of the waiters. One grabbed Tommy and fired him.

That lively young gentleman went out of the restaurant in a manner quite in keeping with his reputation.

He fairly flew, in fact. It took two men to fire Jim, for he wanted to stop and argue the point.

Out he went, nevertheless, protesting that he wouldn't patronize an establishment that couldn't tell a gentleman when it saw one.

It was a couple of hours or so later that Mr. Grimes, flushed with the evident conviction of victory, came rushing into the library of the Hon. Thomas Bounce, not far from the city of New York, waving a telegram in one hand and looking most triumphant.

"Just got a wire from my man," he said. "You'd better send money to Tommy. He'll need it."

"Oh, I guess not," chuckled Bounce. "Guess I'd better wait till he asks for it."

He hadn't asked to see the telegram.

"But I tell you he's at his limit. He can't go on. My man is sure of it."

Bounce didn't ask Grimes what his man said.

Finally Grimes blurted out:  
"Here, just you listen to this: 'Springfield, Ill., Sept. 25. Grimes, New York: Bounce about busted, ragged and dirty; looks like tramp; can see his finish.' There, isn't that enough?"

He was greatly excited, while Tommy's pop was as chipper as could be, and not a bit upset.

"That's all right," he said. "Tommy is doing the tramp act to help himself along, that's all."

"Yes? Well, then, he's working the sympathy dodge, and that's against the articles. He's got to work on cheek. He can't beg or borrow or work on people's feelings. If he does, he loses."

"Oh, well, you don't know that he is. Better wait a bit, Grimes," and Mr. Bounce laughed.

Tommy was not working the sympathy dodge to the slightest extent.

The watcher had seen him and Jim fired from the restaurant, had learned the particulars, had jumped at a very hasty conclusion, and had wired Mr. Grimes as we have seen.

"Jim," said Tommy, the two travelers setting on a door-step in the fine residence quarter of the city of Springfield, "we've got to make a strike."

"Reckon we has ter, Marse Tommy."

"Look at my clothes, dirty and torn and out of shape. I can't go into any swell restaurant and brace the main guy for a meal in any such outfit as this. Our last experience proves the truth of that."

"Dat's raight, Marse Tommy. We got de bounce shu' nuff an' we woked dat racket befo' all right."

"The same obstacle presents itself when we try to ride on Pullmans or first-class day coaches, Jim. Fact is, I'm beyond the limit, in these clothes."

"Deed yo' am, Marse Tommy."

"Very well, then, we've got to replenish my wardrobe and get some good clothes by the exercise of cheek."

"Dat's raight, Marse Tommy," said Jim, with an air of not desiring to controvert such a plain statement of fact. "I needs some new investments m'self, cos my own debilitations am jus' ab't run down, but it ain' so impo'tant dat I get fixed up as it am dat yo' sh'd hab a reg'lar ovahhauled in an' get yo'self dehumiliated, as yo' might say, sah."

"I fathom your meaning, although your purport is muddled," laughed Tommy. "What I need is a new suit of clothes, and I need 'em quick."

"Yo' couldn' state de situation mo' precisely if yo' talked fo' a houah, Marse Tommy," said Jim admiringly.

Some time later they were down on one of the principal business streets of the city, Tommy with a well-laid plan in his head and Jim ready to help him.

They started across the street, the roadway being quite lively with street cars and other vehicles.

Tommy dodged a car and a truck, and

then ran foul of a watering cart in full spurt which was going on its liquidating way.

He reached the sidewalk, right in front of a ready-made clothing store, the proprietor of which was standing in the doorway, watching for customers.

Tommy looked at himself ruefully from head to foot, and then said, impatiently: "Well, I'm a sight! How am I going to the bank to deposit my money looking like this?"

"Dey'd take yo' fo' a tramp if yo' tried to open a 'count wif 'em fo' shuah, Marse Tommy."

"Yes, and money must be put in banks to make 'em go."

The proprietor of the store came out all smiles.

He had heard something about putting some money in the bank, and had not caught the rest.

"Your clothes were ruined and you got business?" he asked. "Step right into my store and I fits you out beautiful."

"Well, I'm rather hard to please," said Tommy. "I don't know that you've got anything I would wear."

"Oho, my young friend, you just walk in and I'll give you a lovely suit; something that you'll be proud of. I can give you a suit that you will want to show to everybody."

"You will give me a nice suit, will you?"

"Certainly, I will. Step right in and look at the fine styles what I have."

Then in they went, and Tommy picked out a serviceable suit, darker than the one he had been wearing.

"Oh! by the way, Jim," he said, as he was about to follow the clothier to the trying-on room, "you run down there and tell them I am coming."

"To de bank, Marse Tommy?"

"Yes, yes, you know where. Don't tell everybody my business," in a hoarse whisper. "I might be robbed."

"A' raight, Marse Tommy," and then Jim dusted.

"It's awkward to carry a lot of money with you, isn't it?" said Tommy. "Almost as bad as having none."

"Well, I don't know, I think I could stand it," laughed the man.

Tommy put on the trousers and then came out with the coat and vest on his arm.

"Pretty good clothes you're giving me?" he asked.

"Sure. Everyting I gives is good, my dear sir."

Then Tommy put on the vest.

"Hm! You don't know me, never saw me, and yet you give me the best suit you've got in the place."

"Ha, ha! dot was so you come again, my friend. Ain't dot a beautiful fit? Joost look at dot west in der glass. Ain't dot fine? So, let me shmooth down der pants a little."

He smoothed his hands over the hip and trousers pockets and felt nothing in them.

"And you don't know whether I'm going to pay you," chuckled Tommy, buttoning up the vest. "You're actually giving me the suit, you might say."

"Ha, ha, ha! Yes, dot's a good joke. I was giving you the suit," and the man laughed, as if quite enjoying Tommy's little pleasantries.

"But you are, you know," and Tommy picked up the coat. "You don't know that I have a cent. It would be a good joke on you if I was to walk off and forget to pay you, wouldn't it? Ha, ha! that would be one on you."

"My goodness, yes, it would be a fine joke, yes, you bet it would. Valf ofer to de big glass und you saw how dot fits."

"And you're actually giving me the suit, ain't you?" and Tommy poked the clothier in the ribs and laughed. "I'm getting the suit for just nothing."

"Ho, ho! Yes, I was giving it to you for just noddings, dot was a awful funny choke. Let me stick der shirt sleeves in. So, dot was a fine fit, dot I was give you."

He had satisfied himself there was nothing in the pockets.

He thought he was playing a deep game. His customer had left all his money in the old suit and said nothing about having it sent anywhere.

Tommy put on his hat and walked toward the door.

"Yes, it looks fine," he said. "Much obliged. I didn't think you'd give it to me. I'll do as much for you and let you have the old suit. Good-by, you're a bird."

Then Tommy proved himself one and flew.

The clothing man rushed back to the dressing room.

"Wait till he finds what he does find," chuckled Tommy. "He'll stick the next customer well to make up on the price of this six-dollar suit. Well, he said he'd give it to me."

Then he went to find Jim.

Mr. Gloom was meanwhile working a little plan of his own.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Watches We are Offering for 75 Cents and Ten Coupons are Still Going by the Hundreds. "HAPPY DAYS" Readers Know a Good Thing When They See It.

## Cable's May-Pole Racket.

By "ED."

It was the last day of April. The moon was beaming over the tenement houses, flooding the wagons of the "sweet Macedonia oranges—sixteen for a quarter"—fiends with her silvery light, and everything betokened the balmy spring; even the dead cats on top of the passing ash-carts smelled more balmy than usual.

I was sitting on the turret of my castle, a chimney of our hash-house, when Cable appeared.

Cable had a white necktie, low-neck shoes, straw hat and an artificial flower, which looked like a cabbage, in his button-hole.

He was singing as he came up through the scuttle:

"For I'm to be queen of the May, mother, I'm to be queen of the May."

I told him I didn't care. He could be queen of May or Maria or Mary Ann if he wanted to. Or I'd even let him be queen of a canal-boat and not growl.

"Why all this melody?" I asked. "Hurrah for the glorious customs of ancient days," he said enthusiastically.

I didn't agree with Cable.

The glorious customs of ancient days, as a rule, were too much glorious. The idea that they had then that the surest way of going to be angels was to celebrate Fourth of July by making a bonfire out of somebody who didn't believe as you believed, was decidedly unpleasant—to the bonfire.

I remarked so to Cable.

"I ain't talking about that," he demurred. "What I mean was the innocent May-pole dance."

Then Cable told me his plan.

He had persuaded a number of lunatics and idiots of both sexes to go out of the world somewhere in New Jersey, and afford grounds for their commitments to various asylums by celebrating the May-day as they did in days of yore.

"Will you go?" asked he.

I said yes—under police escort.

But Cable bothered me with Pagan myths about the beauty of the young lady imbeciles who were to participate in the outrage, until at last I yielded a reluctant assent.

The next morning when I woke up, I found that it was a lovely spring day.

There was ice on the windows; the wind was blowing hydrants over, and a solitary blue-jay was frozen to death in the gutter.

It seemed more like going skating than going to dance the tra-la-la around a May-pole.

I put on an ulster and rubber boots, and went around to Cable's hut.

The mob had already assembled, unsubdued by cold. The girls were arrayed in white dresses, white shoes and seal-skin sacks. And the gentlemen shivered bravely in light suits and straw hats.

They were highly mirthful.

It reminded me of an assassination party.

Cable carried the May-pole.

It was a cross between a bean-pole and a telegraph-pole. It bore marks of having once been painted. A barber on the next block had his pole stole the night before, and—well, I never hint.

At last we started.

A wind blew over Cable and his pole before we got to the corner, but he didn't care. He said it was a gentle spring heifer. Probably he meant zephyr, but anyhow, it had the force of a heifer.

We took the ferryboat to Jersey's classic shore.

The river was full of floating ice, but Cable was equal to the occasion. He related a parable about a company of ancient May-dayers who danced around a May-pole on stilts in six feet of snow. He forgot, though, to mention about the crowd who danced around their corpses the next day.

Cheered by this fiction we pressed onward.

At last we reached the plateau—Cable said it was a plateau. Its principal productions were rocks and goats. The goats ran away when we came, but the rocks remained. I didn't blame the goats. Our appearance was enough to frighten a lion, much less a goat.

Cable, with the assistance of most of the mourners, raised the May-pole.

From its top depended long streamers of gaily-colored ribbons.

Cable explained that each of us was to take hold of a ribbon.

Then we would all dance around, and by some unexplainable and phenomenally impossible force of circumstances the ribbons would be entwined together about the pole.

We did as directed. With a general sprightliness of movements and hilarious spurts of a chain-gang we danced about the pole.

The ribbons refused to twine, and the pole fell down.

Our only regret was that it did not kill Cable.

He was uncrushed.

He moved that we choose a Queen of the May.

We were resigned to anything—even a

walking match—and we chose a Queen of the May.

She looked like a queen of the jim-jams, for she was a nice girl, but not pretty.

Her nose was so big that you had to pull it aside to look at her, and one eye was cross-eyed. She didn't have any other.

We were going to crown her. Cable had brought along a tissue-paper wreath to do it with. When we found out that the wreath was missing, a goat was discovered in the distance chewing it.

Still unsubdued, Cable burst out into song.

It was a May-day song.

"Beautiful May—bonny and gay,  
"Sunshine sparkling merrily;  
Blue clouds floating—"

Cable stopped right here. For the simple reason that it began snowing.

That was the last straw.

One deluded chap, who had been shivering in a white suit and a bouquet in his hat, went deliberately up to Cable.

"May-day is a darned old fraud, and you're a bigger one," he said. "Nobody but a wooden-headed fool would cart us out to a darned old prairie to dance around a darned old barber's pole in a snow storm. Darn May-day! Let's go home."

We went.

And the last glimpse we had through the blinding snow was Cable and the goats fighting for the May-pole.

The next time that I go May-daying or May-poling, it will be in July, with a pocket-stove handy.

What Do You Think of the Change in "HAPPY DAYS?" It is Bound to Keep Up-To-Date.

## HUSTLING BOB.

(Continued from page 8.)

where he had been sleeping every night since he came to town.

It was not until ten o'clock next morning that Dalman's striking painters got onto the fact that Congressman Wendell's barn was being painted by a tramp.

At half-past eleven, while Bob was working on the scaffold, he suddenly heard a gruff voice sing out:

"Hey, there, you young scab! Come down!"

Bob turned his eyes toward the ground and saw a stout man with a florid face and a good deal of watch chain looking up at him.

"Were you speaking to me?" he asked, dipping his brush in the paint pot and keeping right on with the work.

"Who else?" snarled the man, who, by the way, Bob could not remember to have seen around town before. "Come down out of that, now, before I bring you down—no talk!"

"Who are you?" demanded Bob, twisting his brush so as to send a shower of paint down, which sent the fellow jumping back to save his shiny tall hat.

"Don't you try that again, you young cub!" he roared. "Who be I? Why, I'm Pete Pryer, walking delegate of the Dalton Painters' Union. You want to quit this here job or we'll make it hot for you—understand?"

"No," replied Bob. "I don't understand. I don't know you and I don't want to. I'm hustling for work. Mr. Wendell hired me to paint this barn and I'm going to do it in spite of you or any other man."

"You are, hey? We'll see about that. We'll lay you out for this!" Pete Pryer roared, shaking his fist at Bob, who said no more but just kept on painting as though nothing had occurred.

"Are you coming down?" shouted the walking delegate, after waiting awhile for Bob to speak.

"Yes," replied our young hustler, coolly, "I'm coming down when I finish my job."

"You're coming down now!" roared the delegate, seizing the rope which controlled the movements of the ladder.

"Let that rope alone!" shouted Bob, standing up on the scaffold. "Let it alone, I say!"

Now, Bob was no expert in rigging a painter's scaffold. He had made the end of the rope fast to a big ring attached to the side of the building.

It worked well enough to suit his purpose, but he knew only too well that if the walking delegate was to untie it one end of the ladder would drop.

Just then Miss Nellie Wendell turned into the grounds on her wheel and came riding rapidly toward the barn.

"Come down, you young scab, or I'll bring you down!" snarled Mr. Pete Pryer, unfastening the rope.

Now, the fellow was half drunk or he would surely have known better, for the instant he untied the rope one end of the scaffold dropped.

Bob seized the supporting rope on the other side and held on for dear life.

Down flew the paint pot, turning its contents on the shiny plug hat of Mr. Pete Pryer, who, with a fierce imprecation, jumped backward, too late to save himself from the shower of paint, but just in time



to back into Miss Nellie Wendell's bicycle. There was a full-fledged collision all in an instant.

Nellie saw what was coming and jumped just in time to save herself, but the walking delegate, with his ruined tile flying off his head, fell sprawling in the path.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE CRY IN THE NIGHT.

"Blast you! What did you run me down for? I'll make you sweat for this, even if you are Jim Wendell's daughter."

Pete Pryer was mad—real mad. He was also about half drunk, and, being an ugly fellow at all times, he made a rush at the Congressman's daughter, stamped on the fallen wheel and would surely have struck the frightened girl if he had been given the chance.

But he wasn't.

Hustling Bob was there and Bob, when he was aroused, was a host in himself.

He saw what was coming before it came and swung down to the ground as quick as a flash.

"That's yours, you brute!" shouted Bob, striking out with his right and taking Pete Pryer under the ear.

Down went the delegate a second time, falling on his ruined hat and crushing it out of all shape, beside smearing his coat all over with paint.

"Oh! Oh!" screamed Nellie. "Don't get into a fight. He'll hurt you! Don't run any risk on my account!"

"Leave him to me!" blazed Bob, seizing Pete Pryer by the coat collar and jerking him to his feet.

What the end of it might have been it is hard to say if the coachman, who was at the other end of the yard, had not jumped in to help.

He saw what had happened and quietly unloosed a fierce Dane watch dog, which now came rushing upon the scene barking furiously.

That was the time when Mr. Pete Pryer did not stand on the order of his going, but just went, and that as fast as his legs could carry him.

Very probably he would have lost something besides his hat if the gardener had not called off the dog.

"Are you hurt, miss?" asked Bob, respectfully.

"Not in the least, thanks to you," replied Nellie; "but, oh, my poor wheel! That brute has ruined it, I am afraid. Who was he? What brought him in here?"

"He came here to stop me from working on the barn," replied Bob. "Your father will understand about it when I tell him. Don't worry about your wheel. Just leave it here and I'll fix it after I am through my work."

"I'm sure I shall be ever so much obliged to you if you will," said Nellie, blushing.

"If I send it to Dalton there's no telling when I shall see it back again, and there's no one in town who knows anything about repairing wheels."

Bob was as good as his word. In spite of the interruption by Mr. Pete Pryer, he finished his job on the barn that evening shortly after six. Then he took the damaged wheel around to Mr. Wendell's little workshop in the rear of the barn and tinkered away on it until nine o'clock.

When at last he stood up in the shed where it belonged it was as good as new; the most expert wheel repairer could not deny that it was in every way a good job.

There was a party in the big house that evening and Bob made no attempt to see any one.

He could see the ladies dancing as he passed out of the grounds; he paused for a moment to listen to the music and then, with a sigh, passed through the gate.

"No matter," he muttered. "All that sort of thing belongs to the past. I'm here to hustle, not for pleasure. I'm glad I've done up at that house. I don't want to go there any more."

Next day Bob struck a job down in the freight yard helping to unload a car and to cart the goods up to a small factory at the other end of town, the regular driver being sick.

The day after Bob put in at cleaning up the factory yard and the day after that being Saturday, he helped Black, the butcher, for whom he had worked several times before.

He did not see anything of Mr. Wendell until the following Wednesday, when he accidentally met him on the street.

As for the striking painters and their walking delegate, Bob saw nothing more of them, and the incident was pretty well forgotten until Mr. Wendell brought it to mind again by warmly congratulating him on the courage he had shown.

"And, by the way, Bob, what do I owe you?" asked the Congressman, pulling out his pocketbook. "You shouldn't have gone off without your money the way you did."

"That's all right, sir," replied Bob; then he named the sum and got it and was just starting to go when Mr. Wendell asked him what he was driving at just then.

"Hustling, sir; busting, as usual," replied Bob. "All is fish that comes to my net."

"Well, you're the sort of boy I like," said the Congressman. "Just keep on hustling, Bob, and you'll get there. If I can do anything for you any time, why just let me know."

If Mr. Wendell had only known it Bob's hustling propensities were to do something for him before many hours had passed.

It began to rain that afternoon and Bob was obliged to leave off weeding a garden for a lady on Cross street, which was the only job he could find to do that day.

It was rather late and there was really no use trying for anything else, so Bob went down to the butcher's shop and helped Mr. Black clean up, refusing to take a cent for his trouble.

He bought a small loaf of bread at the baker's and a bit of cheese and a little smoked beef of the grocer, and, wrapping it all in a paper, walked through the rain to Burling Junction, where he proceeded to eat his dinner in a broken down freight car.

This was Bob's house. The yardmaster knew it and not only allowed him to stay there, but provided him with a padlock to keep the tramps out.

This was all because Bob hustled about and helped the yardmaster whenever his services were needed.

If he had been like some boys who go sneaking about a freight yard he would have been "fired out" neck and crop.

There was nobody about the freight yard that night except the track walker. After he had eaten his supper, or dinner, whichever you like to call it, Bob went up in the tower house and stayed a while talking with Jim Ettinger, the tower man, with whom he had become acquainted and who liked to have him come in.

"I don't feel at all well to-night, Bob," said Ettinger, as he unlocked the block to let in the east bound express. "My head aches terribly and I've got such a queer feeling about the eyes; why, I can hardly see what I'm doing."

"Perhaps you've got the grip," said Bob, sympathetically.

"No, I don't think it is that," replied the tower man. "I'm afraid it's something more serious."

"Why don't you go and see a doctor when you get off?"

"Perhaps I will to-morrow. You see I don't get off until one o'clock. My partner comes up on 32—what's Dalton calling? Another wild cat train, I'll bet. Yes, that makes the second to-night. Can't have the block now, though. Yes, it can, too. There goes Rushmore; the block is all clear."

While talking Jim Ettinger was working the telegraph key with one hand and holding on to one of his shifting levers with the other.

He now pulled the lever down as far as it would go and the signal on the pole dropped.

"Now she's open, I suppose," remarked Bob.

"Now the block is clear," replied Ettinger, and for fully the tenth time he explained to Bob the working of the huge iron levers which controlled the movements of the trains by that wonderful safety block system, now in use by almost every railroad in the land.

Bob listened and in a moment an engine drawing one gaily painted car went flying by.

"What's that?" asked Bob.

"Give it up," replied the tower man. "It may be the president of the road for all I know."

He then called Dalton on the wire and closed the block again. Then he leaned his head on his hands and groaned.

"I feel terrible, Bob, terrible," he said. "Yes, I think I will see a doctor first thing in the morning. No, you can't help me a bit, boy, but I wish you'd stay here awhile. It's all I can do to keep awake."

Bob stayed until after eleven, letting the tower man catch a cat-nap twice, waking him the instant the call came on the telegraph instrument.

It was raining harder than ever when Bob left at last and went down to his freight car, where the soft side of a plank was his bed.

Bob just pulled off his damp coat, rolled it up for a pillow and flung himself down on the floor.

He had been hustling all day and felt so thoroughly tired out that inside of two minutes he was fast asleep.

How long he had slept he had no idea, when suddenly he was awakened by a fearful thunder clap.

The noise was deafening. It brought Bob to his feet and as he sprang up he thought he heard his own name shouted in his ear.

"Bob! Bob! Bob!"

Was he dreaming?

Suddenly the whole interior of the car was lit up by a most vivid lighting flash. No, it was no dream.

Before the crash came—and it was only an instant—the cry in the night was repeated.

"Bob! Bob! Bob!"

## CHAPTER III.

## "STOP THAT TRAIN."

Bob hustled out of the freight car in a hurry, stopping no longer than to turn the key in the padlock.

He knew by this time that the cry had come from the tower and he feared the worst for Jim Ettinger. "He must be pret-

ty bad if he calls for me like that," thought Bob.

As he leaped down to the ground he glanced up at the tower and saw Ettinger waving his hand violently out of the window, at the same time shouting something which Bob could not understand.

"He's taken worse and wants me," thought the boy. "I'll just hustle right up there. Of course I can't do much, but I may be able to help some."

He started on the run for the tower only to find himself up to his knees in water before he had gone three yards.

Bob knew instantly what the trouble was. The creek, which ran alongside the tracks, had risen above its banks, being swollen by the torrents of rain which had fallen since dark.

Bob rushed in through the water and was almost at the door of the tower house when he heard a sound which made his blood run cold.

"Hoo! Hoo! Hoo! Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!"

It was a wild, unearthly cry.

Twice it was repeated and then all at once a shot rang out upon the night and before Bob could take another step a tall man with long hair hanging down over his shoulders sprang out from the shadow of the tower house with a smoking revolver in his hand.

"Keep back!" he shouted. "Keep back. I'm the president of this railroad. No trespassers allowed here!"

"Slug him, Bob! Slug him! He's as crazy as a bug!" shouted Jim Ettinger from the tower. "He's fired three shots at me!"

"Yes, and here goes another!" yelled the lunatic, firing point blank at Bob.

Luckily the shot flew wide of the mark.

Bob did not wait for another, you may be very certain.

He made a rush for the lunatic, who yelled loud enough to wake the dead, and, turning, darted away through the water like a deer, disappearing among the thick bushes further along the bank.

"Come up, Bob! Come up!" shouted Ettinger. "I've opened the door; for heavens sake come quick, I believe I'm dying!"

Bob was scared almost out of his wits.

He fully realized what it meant to have the tower man die at his post.

The law should be that two men must be stationed in every tower, but it is not so. If Ettinger was really dying who was to look out for the block there at that lonely junction, where there was not a house?

Clearly there was nobody under the circumstance, but our hustling Bob, who flung open the door, which was controlled by a wire in the tower, and rushed up the dark stairs.

Evidently Ettinger had pulled the wire, for the door opened at the first touch.

"Hoo—hoo! Hoo—hoo! Hoo—hoo!" the lunatic was heard yelling in the distance. Then there was a heavy fall overhead.

Bob threw up the trapdoor at the head of the steep stairs and stood petrified with horror at the sight which met his gaze.

Ettinger lay face down upon the floor, silent and motionless.

"Mr. Ettinger! Mr. Ettinger!" cried Bob, bending down and turning the tower man over on his back.

There was no answer.

The man's face was fiery red and his half open eyes were fixed and glossy.

Bob was no fool. He saw that it was a case of apoplexy or something like it.

A moment's examination served to tell him the awful truth.

Poor Ettinger had dropped dead at his post.

Suddenly the telegraph instrument began clicking. It was either Dalton or Rushmore calling.

"If I could only answer and let them know," thought Bob.

But this was a peg beyond him, for, with all his hustling propensities, Bob did not understand telegraphy.

He glanced at the rack of levers; two were down, the block was open.

Looking out of the window he saw that it was an up-train that was due.

"Well, I can close the block after it passes," thought Bob, "and I'll kick up such a row with that telegraph key that the fellows in the Rushmore tower will guess that something is wrong down here."

The thought had scarcely crossed his mind when he heard a team come dashing furiously across the bridge.

"Hello up in the tower, hello!" shouted a man, looking out from behind the curtains of a buggy.

It was Mr. Wendell. Bob recognized his voice, although he could not see his face.

"Hello!" he shouted. "For heavens sake come up here, the tower man is dead!"

"Can't!" cried Wendell, evidently not recognizing Bob. "Did you see a team go by here a few minutes ago?"

No team had passed that way that Bob knew anything about and he said so.

Instantly Mr. Wendell drew in his head and the buggy went dashing on across the track, passed up the hill and disappeared around the bend in the road.

"Hoo—hoo! Hoo—hoo! Hoo—hoo!"

Once more the cry of the lunatic was heard down the line of the swollen creek.

Bob had no time to think about it, however, for a distant whistle warned him that the approaching train was already half way through the block and must soon go thundering by.

"I'd better stop it," he thought. "If

Rushmore don't get the signal there's no telling what may happen."

He seized the red flag and ran to the window.

All this time the telegraph instrument was clicking violently.

It was certainly Rushmore calling. The tower man there might be calling to have this very train held in the block for all Bob could tell.

"I'll hold it," he determined. "At all events it's safe here."

He was just about to unroll his flag when another most vivid flash of lightning came.

Bob gave a cry of horror, and, making one spring for the trap door, went rushing down the dark stairs.

What had he discovered?

Let us follow him and see.

For all he knew Bob hustled up the tracks toward the sharp curve around which the train must soon appear.

A pile of ties!

Yes, there it was, directly across the track.

A hundred lives might depend upon Bob's hustling now.

He ran like mad.

Not even stopping to go around the ties, he sprang upon them, wild with anxiety, for now the broad band of light from the locomotive still hidden around the curve was thrown full upon him.

"They can see me better on top of the ties," thought the boy, and, although the engine was still invisible, he began to wave his flag wildly.

Thus far he had only looked ahead, never once down upon the track.

He was prepared to jump for his life, but as the engine swung around the curve, lighting up the track as bright as day, Bob's hair fairly stood on end with horror, for there, lying on the track just in front of the pile of ties on the side toward the approaching train, lay a young girl bound hand and foot.

Her face was turned upward, her eyes were closed, to all appearances she was dead.

"Nellie Wendell!" gasped Bob.

"Hoo—hoo! Hoo—hoo! Hoo—hoo!" yelled the voice of the lunatic in the distance.

"Stop! Stop the train!" shouted Bob, wildly waving his flag in the full glare of the engine's light.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Old and Young King Brady Are Wonderful Detectives. Read About Them in "SECRET SERVICE" No. 36. "The Bradys Down South; or, The Great Planetary Mystery."

[This story commenced in No. 255.]

## LEFT ON Treasure Island

OR,

### The Boy Who Was Forgotten.

By R. T. EMMET,

Author of "Cal, the Canvas Boy," "The Boy from Tombstone," "Hal Hart of Harvard," "Nobody's Son," etc.

## CHAPTER XXII.

HOW THE TURTLE CATCHERS RAN AWAY FROM THE GHOST.

"Is it the enemy?" cried Clara, as Pete pointed to the schooner. "Do you know those don't look like the same men?"

Phil, instead of answering, hastily guided the boat into a little cove, where the view of the schooner was lost.

"I wanted to see!" growled Pete. "I don't think they are the same men either. Some of them were niggers. Say, Phil, why couldn't you give a fellow a show?"

"Show—nothing!" cried Phil. "Do you suppose I want them to see us? You are both right. Those are not the old gang from the cave. They were almost all niggers. Do you suppose I wanted to have them see us?"

"It would be as much as our lives are worth," said Clara. "I think I know who they are."

"Who?" inquired Phil eagerly. "You are posted around these parts, Clara, and we are not. Your opinion is of some value and mine isn't worth a cent."

"Well, then, here is mine; they are a lot of turtle catchers from the Isle of Pines," replied Clara. "They are a bad set if ever there was one. If they knew we were here with this money we would be murdered in a moment. We may have a lot to fear from our old enemies, Phil, but we have more to fear from those men."

This settled Phil's course. He was terribly disappointed naturally, but at the same time he was resolved to run no risk.

"We'll just land right here where we are, and hide the treasure in the bushes," he declared.

This was certainly a most sensible conclusion to come to.

Phil saw that it would be death and de-



struction to attempt to make the Marie Robert then.

But when they came to look around they could not find any place which seemed secure for the treasure, for here the bushes did not come down anywhere near the water's edge.

"We'd better dig a hole in the sand and bury the chest," said Phil, and this is what they did.

All the while they could hear the shouts of the men on board the schooner.

Clara declared that they were talking Spanish, but the boys could not make out whether she was right or not.

When the treasure had been carefully hidden and the place marked so that there would be no chance of failing to find it, they all struck around the cove and then through the woods across the point of land where they could get a good view of the schooner.

It was just as Clara had said. The men on the Marie Robert and others who were moving about on the beach were all mulattos. They were half naked, and looked a wild lot in every way.

Phil studied these turtle catchers long and earnestly. There were about ten of them altogether.

Drawn up on the beach were two small boats in which they had come, and anchored in the offing was a rusty-looking old schooner which evidently belonged to them.

"It's a hard gang," remarked Phil at last, "but I don't give up. They may have an idea of making off with the Marie Robert."

It was now quite dark, and Phil began to cudgel his brain to discover some way to get the turtle catchers off the schooner, but he could think of none, and all he could do was to remain on the watch.

Clara, who was tired, lay down on the grass under a big tree, and went to sleep, while Phil and Pete made their way closer down to the shore, where they could get a better view of the movements of the men on the schooner. It soon became evident that they meant to make off with her as soon as they got their turtles, for they were working on the rigging now getting everything ready for a start.

A little later they all went on shore and lighting big pine knots, began moving up and down the beach looking for turtles. The boys watched the process with great interest.

The turtles would come scrambling up out of the water—huge fellows they were, too—and make for the sand above high water mark for the purpose of laying their eggs.

As soon as the catchers saw one they would steal up to it and then three or four seizing hold of it together, they turned it over on its back and withdrew to wait for another.

Six times the boys saw this process repeated, and then the men began carrying the turtles on board the Marie Robert.

At last Phil began to think that it was about time for them to get back to Clara, and they crawled up the bank into the bushes again. Phil was first at the tree, and Pete was horrified to hear him give an exclamation of dismay.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed, hurrying on.

"Clara! She is gone!" gasped Phil. "Oh, Pete! what shall we do now? Why did we ever leave her alone?"

"Clara! Clara!" shouted Pete, forgetting the danger.

Phil clapped his hand over Pete's mouth. "Stop it!" he breathed. "Do you want to have the whole gang down upon us? I tell you Clara would never go away of her own accord. There is some treachery here. What did I tell you? The mischief is done now. It is the gang from the cave. They've captured Clara! We must save her, and our first step is to get out of the way."

Further back in the forest they could hear shouts and the sound of men crashing among the bushes.

Phil caught Pete's arm and hurried him down to the shore. They had scarcely reached it when looking toward the Marie Robert they could see the turtle catchers running their way.

They also had heard the cries and wanted to find out what they meant. The boys had just time to climb a big tree which here grew close to the beach, and gain a secure position among the lower branches, when the whole chattering crew came hurrying along.

Of course it was impossible to make out what they were saying, and what their intentions were the boys could only imagine.

"What in thunder are we going to do if they catch on to us?" breathed Pete. "Shall we shoot?"

"Not till we are forced into it," answered Phil in a whisper. Hush now! Not a word! Not a sound—good heavens! what is that?"

Here was Phil breaking his own order even as he gave it, for all in the same instant a wild cry rang out at the top of the bank.

Immediately the turtle catchers began yelling and started to run back along the beach, like a lot of frightened sheep.

The cause of their alarm was plain enough. A strange white light had suddenly appeared among the trees at the top of the bank, and there in the midst of it stood the tall, gaunt form of old Matt Taylor.

"Dead men! Dead men!" he shouted, waving his arms wildly above his head, and the turtle catchers ran off up the beach like mad.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE CRY IN THE FOREST.

In spite of the seriousness of the situation Phil could hardly help laughing outright.

"They think it's a ghost!" he whispered to Pete. "It's our old friend again. Shall we go down? Shall we holler to him, Pete?"

"I'm not so sure that he's our friend now," replied Pete. "I reckon we'd better stay where we are till we see what's coming next. Don't forget that there are others behind him."

"That's so. He's gone now."

The light had disappeared and the old man was no longer to be seen, but lively business followed right away.

All at once loud shouts were heard from the forest, and a moment later a crowd of men came out upon the bank and jumped down on the beach.

They were the sailors from the cave. Phil and Pete breathlessly watched them as they ran past under the tree.

"There's going to be music now," whispered Pete. "They've seen the schooner, and don't you forget it, they will go for her! There! The fun is beginning now!"

Shot after shot rang out. The sailors had opened fire on the turtle catchers, who appeared to have only two or three guns among them.

Five fell dead and several seemed to be wounded.

Then they all took to the boats and began pulling wildly for their own schooner in the offing.

"Hooray!" shouted Andy Stoddard. "We've got what we want now, boys! Look at her! Look at her! We can escape from the island all right now. Let's start right in and get the treasure aboard!"

But evidently Andy had not got his men under as good control as he might have had, for not one of them obeyed the order thus given.

They swarmed on board the Marie Robert, chattering to each other as they ran about the deck and occasionally sending a stray shot flying after the retreating turtle catchers.

"This is our chance, Pete," whispered Phil. "I'm going for Clara now."

He slid down out of the tree and Pete followed him.

"Up on the bank with you, quick!" he said. "Those fellows have got a camp somewhere. It must be near the mouth of the cave. Didn't you hear what Andy Stoddard said? I tell you, there isn't the least doubt about their having brought the treasure down with them from the cave, and it is almost dead certain that they've got Clara there, too."

This was good reasoning, but the question was to find the mouth of the cave.

Phil felt sure that he could go right to it even in the darkness, but he soon found himself mistaken.

For the first hundred yards or so he was able to follow the trail through the bushes made by the sailors. Then all at once he discovered that he had lost it, and when he tried to find it again it proved to be more than he could do.

"This is a bad job," said Pete. "What's to be done now, Phil?"

"We've got to find the mouth of the cave, that's what," replied Phil, emphatically. "Come along. There won't be any trouble about doing that."

Phil plunged on, turning this way and that, hoping every moment to be able to locate his position.

"Are you sure you are going right, Phil?" asked Pete, who had not spoken for several moments now.

"I'm sure I'm going wrong," replied Phil, desperately. "Oh, Pete! Think of Clara in the hands of those toughs. What in the world are we going to do?"

"Keep on to the top of the hill," replied Pete. "We may be able to get a view of the water then. That's the way we can tell where we are."

This was the next move.

It took fully fifteen minutes to climb the hill which they had already begun to ascend, when Pete spoke.

The top was bare of trees, and they could see off on the water. The Marie Robert seemed to lie at their feet. Far in the distance they could see a solitary moving light. It was the turtle catchers' schooner making off from the island. Then as they looked down upon the forest they could see other lights moving toward the schooner, and all at once they saw Bill Kane come out on the beach carrying a big bag over his shoulder.

He was followed by another and another—there was a regular procession of the sailors in view now.

Each carried his bag, but when the last came into view it was Andy Kane, and Clara with her hands tied behind her, walked beside him.

"Oh, Pete! That settles us!" groaned Phil. "They are taking the treasure on board, and there is poor Clara in their clutches."

"Yes," groaned Pete, "and here we are a good half mile away."

At the same instant a cry was heard from the forest below them.

"Hello! Hello! Hello!"

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### CONCLUSION.

"What's that?" gasped Pete. "Phil, did you hear?"

"Of course I did," replied Phil. "It's the old man again!"

"No!"

"Tell you it must be! Hello! Hello!"

Phil shouted at the top of his lungs, and then paused and waited for a reply.

It came instantly.

"Hello! Hello on the hill-top! Hello!"

"We are here!" yelled Phil. "Speak out! I can hear every word you say!"

But Pete held his breath.

He had not grown used to old Matt Taylor's strange methods, and there is no denying that he was a good deal afraid.

"Come down to the big cocoanut tree!"

was the answer. "If you want to save the lady, come down out of that right away!"

"I see the tree!" cried Phil. "I'm coming!"

Off he started down the hill, closely followed by Pete.

In a few moments they saw a light shining through the trees ahead of them.

"That's the spot!" exclaimed Phil. "Let's make for the light!"

They ran on, and in a moment came out at the foot of the big palm, but old Matt Taylor was not visible, as Phil had hoped.

There was nothing under the palm tree but a tin pail filled with a curious whitish substance which looked like lime, and a small candlestick which stood in the ground with a light burning on its top which blazed like a star.

Phil shouted, but got no answer. Then he picked up the candlestick and examined it just as any other boy would have done out of sheer curiosity.

Evidently old Matt Taylor had counted upon this, for under the candlestick lay a folded paper, across which was written in big letters one word:

### READ!

"Hold the light, Pete!" exclaimed Phil.

"I'm afraid of the blame stuff," said Pete.

"What is it, anyhow? I never saw anything like this."

The tube of the candlestick seemed to be packed with the same white substance which burned with a clear, steady light.

"Nonsense!" cried Phil. "Don't be a fool. It won't hurt you. Don't you see how steady it burns? Take it and give me a chance to read!"

Pete took the candlestick gingerly, while Phil opened the paper and read as follows:

"I am the old man of the mountain. On Treasure Island my will is law. In spite of the fact that you disobeyed me I will that you should have the pirates' treasure. Take it. Leave the island at once on the schooner. Dead men! Dead men! When that old waterlogged craft is sinking remember me! Do not trouble yourselves about those ruffians. Do not trouble about the lady. She is on board the schooner waiting for you. Do as I tell you, and the way will be made plain. I was a chemist before I was a sailor. Thank your stars for that. The light which has puzzled you so much is one of the consequences of my chemical training. You have a painful light on the bluff near the tree where you hid when you last saw me, and then act on the result, and thank your stars that I opened the door to let those scoundrels into the cave; that I showed them the way out of the cave; that I have told them the lie that there is more treasure buried where they will see the light. Don't trouble about Grif Weems. The old scoundrel killed my brother, but I did not kill him. I do not kill anything—not even a fly, yet he is dead. Do not trouble about me. I shall never leave this island which has been my home for so many long years. As for your enemies, I will dispose of them. As for the treasure you buried, know that it is no part of the treasure of the mountain. It must have been buried on the island ages ago. If you want to dig it up there is plenty of time, for the enemy is waiting for the light."

This was all. The letter was unsigned, but of course no signature was needed to tell the boys by whose hand it was written.

"Our way is plain," cried Phil. "I'd like to thank the old fellow for his kindness, though."

He shouted again and again, calling to Matt Taylor to show himself, but he did not appear.

There seemed to be no excuse for waiting any longer. The boys had found their bearings now, and it was an easy matter to descend to the shore.

When they came out on the bluff they found, to their great satisfaction, that they were close to the place where they had buried the treasure chest and left their boat.

Phil was for letting the chest go, and hurrying along the shore to the point where they were to fire the chemical in the

pail, but Pete was so strenuous in the matter that they went to work, dug up the chest and put it in the boat all ready for starting.

Then they went up on the bluff, and placing the pail in a position where the light could be distinctly seen by the sailors on the Marie Robert, Phil touched a match to it, and all in an instant the blaze shot heavenward, the whole surrounding landscape being illuminated with a whitish light as bright as day.

"Down, Pete! Down the hill with you!"

cried Phil. "It works! They are coming!"

They were not a moment too soon, for Andy Stoddard and his crew came tumbling over the side of the schooner and started down the beach, shouting and yelling like so many madmen.

The boys ran around the point for their lives, and boarding the boat, pulled for the Marie Robert.

The men they could see clustering about the burning pail, digging as though their lives depended upon it, and luckily for the boys, they never looked seaward once.

In a few moments Phil trod the deck of the Marie Robert once more, and went rushing down into the cabin where Clara's glad cry greeted him. The pretty Cuban girl was a prisoner tied to a chair.

"Oh, I knew you would come, Phil!" she cried. "What is the matter? Where have those men all gone? They seized me when I was asleep and before I knew it I was being hurried along through the woods, and—"

"Tell your story later, Clara!" broke in Phil. "We must be off! Is the treasure all on board?"

"Every ounce of it!" announced Clara, springing to her feet, for by that time Phil had cut her free.

She pointed to a great pile of bags in one corner of the cabin, but Phil had already seen them, and leaving Clara to follow, he rushed on deck, helped Pete up with the treasure chest, and then ran up the sails on the Marie Robert, having already raised the anchor, and the schooner began to move away out of the cove.

They were instantly seen by the men on the bluff, and the yells which went up were tremendous; a dozen rifles were turned on the schooner as the sails filled and she shot out of the cove.

But the shots flew wild, and did no damage.

Phil and Pete waved their hats as they went gliding out to sea.

"There he is! There he is!" cried Clara, suddenly pointing to the bluff at the end of the cove.

A bright white light streamed up and in the midst of it stood old Matt Taylor, his long hair streaming in the wind.

He raised his hand, and then the light was suddenly extinguished, and he vanished; the wind caught the sails with extra force as the Marie Robert passed beyond the point, and away they flew, keeping steadily on until when the sun rose not a trace of Treasure Island was to be seen.

Our strange story is fully told, and for that reason it is quite useless to dwell on the details of the voyage which followed the departure from the island.

Sufficient to say that on the third day out Phil sighted a Jamaica fruiter and the Marie Robert was towed into Kingston safe and sound.

Phil proceeded at once to the American consul and told his strange story. Every consideration was shown him, and he awoke next morning to find himself a rich man, for before the day was out he had disposed of the total treasure to a Jew for good bills on New York to the amount of \$345,322, an enormous sum, and much more than he expected to get.

As for the logwood, that had to be condemned and sold according to law.

Later on Phil and his friends received \$8,000 for it, as being their share of the salvage.

Through the consul they learned that the Marie Robert had been abandoned at sea ten years before.

So it happened that Phil Irwin, Pete Rogers and Clara Martinez landed in New York in very comfortable circumstances a little later on.

On the day of their arrival Phil was privately married to Clara, Pete acting as best man, and they at once started "Down East" to visit Phil's people at his old home.

Later still, Phil went into the shipping business in Boston with Pete for his partner, and the boys are now millionaires.

What became of Andy Stoddard and his crowd, Phil never learned, nor did he ever find out the end of old Matt Taylor.

Three years later he and Pete with Clara took a trip to Santiago on one of their own vessels, and touched at Treasure Island, spending a whole day there.

They searched everywhere for some trace of old Matt, even ascending the mountain where they found the hut a burned ruin, but they did not find the strange old man nor any one else.

The island seemed to be entirely deserted and as there were signs of a storm, they hastened to leave it, for very naturally Phil did not care to repeat his former experiences and find himself left on Treasure Island.



## The Wonders of Light.

By FRANCIS W. DOUGHTY.

The things we have all the time are the things we think about least.

The farmer in New England never bothers his head about water. It is always with him—he can dig anywhere and find it, and like enough, even that trouble is unnecessary; but the good man little guesses that there are millions of people in the world to whom water to drink is almost an unknown quantity and even what is used for

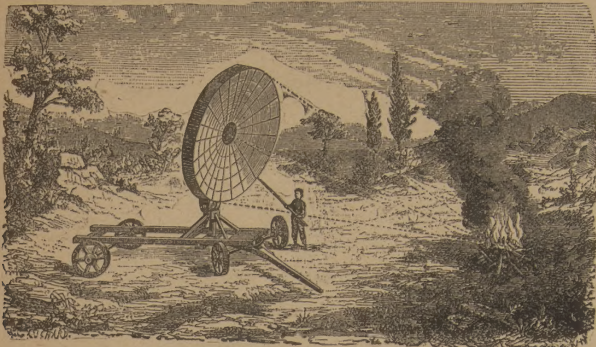


FIG. 1.—A BIG BURNING MIRROR.

other purposes is bought and sold at a high price.

So it is with light—probably nothing is thought about less, and certainly nothing can be more important. Let us talk about light this week.

What is darkness? The absence of light. Light then is the all essential, the creature, the sustainer of the world.

Without light this earth never would have come into existence, in darkness it could not continue to exist.

No wonder those old heathen fellows, the Greeks and Romans, worshipped light as a god. But what is light? Let us ask the question again.

For a long time it was believed that light was a compact mass of tiny particles emitted by luminous bodies, like the sun or any other source of light which struck our eyes and so produced the phenomenon of vision.

This theory has since given place to the wave theory, which can be best illustrated thus:

If you throw a stone into a smooth piece of water, there will form around the point where the stone fell a series of circular waves starting from the centre and gradually enlarging themselves.

If a loud noise is suddenly heard the same effect is produced.

The waves start from the concussion of the atmosphere against the water, and instantly begin spreading themselves in all directions. It is much the same with light.

Place a luminous body in space and the

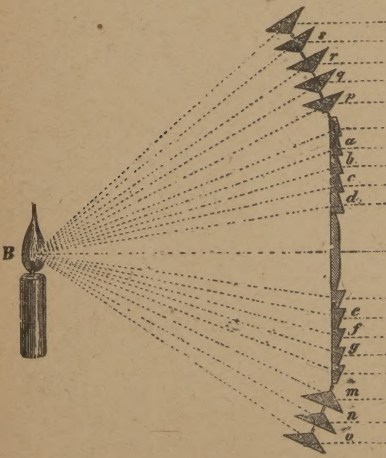


FIG. 3.—CONCENTRATION OF RAYS OF LIGHT.

ether which surrounds it is thrown into a state of vibration. Ether is an indefinable substance, infinitely more impalpable than the air we breathe, believed by scientists to pervade all space.

The vibrating waves of light spread themselves in all directions with a degree of rapidity entirely incomprehensible to our minds.

There is so little doubt about the correctness of this theory that we may say with confidence, such is light.

Now let us talk about some of the most peculiar properties of light.

Most peculiar of all, perhaps, is the way in which light fixes images upon sensitized plates and paper, or in other words, photography, but it is hardly necessary to discuss that.

Look at Figure 1 and you will see proof that light and heat bear such an intimate relation to each other that it is difficult to determine where one ends and the other begins.

The picture needs scarce any explanation. The rays of light concentrated on the big mirror are reflected upon the woodpile and it is set on fire.

Only concentrate light enough and in this way the hardest rock could be utterly consumed.

Some time ago an ingenious Frenchman invented a light motor. In the middle of a huge reflector a cylinder was placed. The cylinder was filled with water, which by means of the heat generated by the light was converted into steam, forced into a boiler and made to run a small engine.

Figure 2 represents a small printing press being run by this means.

Is it possible to prevent rays of light from spreading themselves in all directions?

It is—entirely so.

The lighthouse is the best illustration of this.

Figure 3 shows us how it is done.

The rays of light having their origin in the candle B are directed upon the prism



FIG. 2.—THE LIGHT MOTOR.

shaped glasses and refracted—that is, bent—until they become perfectly horizontal, thus being projected off on the water in a straight line.

Rays thus projected will penetrate to a great distance and the light becomes visible far out to sea.

In fact, by means of prisms we can do almost anything we please with light.

We can concentrate it or diffuse it; we can cause it to so project itself upon objects as to make them present an entirely different appearance.

Thus, in a certain sense, light becomes a creator.

Certainly, in the case of the photograph it may be so regarded, if in nothing else.

Take Figure 4, in which we have the principle of the microscope and also the kaleidoscope illustrated. An oval lens placed between the eye and a small object will make the object appear at a distance, and of a greatly increased size.

This is caused by the refraction of the rays of light, and is so clearly shown in the cut that no explanation seems necessary.

The mechanism of the kaleidoscope is so simple that the results attained are truly wonderful. Every one knows it—a paper tube with mirrors set at angles running lengthwise, and a number of broken bits of colored glass thrown in at the bottom, which catch the rays of light from the back.

Now comes the wonderful part of it. The rays falling on the mirrors are reflected back, and cause the pieces of glass to appear in figures of the most remarkable shape and beautiful design, as shown in Figure 4. If there exists a boy who has never seen this toy, we advise him to get one at once, for there is no better illustration of the wonders of light.

It may not be generally known, so we will mention it, that the designs on carpets are largely taken from the figures in the kaleidoscope. The number of combinations possible to make with these bits of glass is infinite, and the figures are shown never twice alike.

In Figure 5 we have a superb illustration

of the planet Jupiter as seen under the telescope. We produce it to call attention to the most wonderful of recent discoveries respecting light.

Jupiter, in common with the earth and all other planets, shines by the reflected light of the sun, and not from any light of its own.

We have positive proof of this.

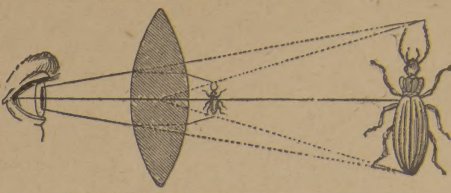


FIG. 4.—MICROSCOPE AND KALEIDOSCOPE.

Light has furnished it to us by the aid of an instrument called the spectroscope. What this spectroscope is we will proceed to explain.

Long ago it was discovered by chemists that a ray of sunlight, while it appeared to be a simple substance—that is, not several substances combined—was really compound, or made up of a number of rays blended into one. Another discovery, made

at about the same time, was that each metal—everything is resolvable either into some metal or a gas—when heated to the point where it becomes luminous, gives out a peculiar light of its own. For instance, the light emitted by the metal sodium is yellow, that by potassium violet, that by strontium red, and by calcium green, and so on.

The science of the spectroscope is spectrum analysis, or the analyzing of light into its chemical parts.

Can this be done?

Oh, yes.

Spectrum analysis is not yet perfect. There are some shades appearing on the sun's spectra not fully understood. But chemists who understand it can analyze a ray of sunlight just as they can the contents of a medicine bottle.

And what do they find? They find that sunlight is the product of metallic substances and gases in a high state of combustion.

Already they have positively proved that there exists in the sun the metal iron, sodium, copper, zinc, nickel, and so on up to fifteen. Hydrogen gas is there also in enormous quantities.

This is the story the analysis of a ray of sunlight tells.

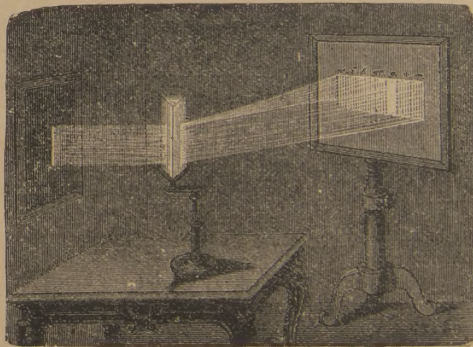


FIG. 6.—THE SPECTRA.

Now most of the stars are suns like ours, and analysis of their respective spectra shows that they are not composed of the same substance as our sun.

In examining the spectra of Jupiter and the other planets, also that of the moon, we find that the light by which they shine gives precisely the same lines on the spectra as a ray of sunlight.

This proves positively that the light of

Jupiter and the other planets is reflected sunlight, and not light originating in itself.

To describe the spectroscope would carry us beyond our limits, but in Figure 6 we give the lines of the spectra of a ray of sunlight when thrown through a prism on a screen.

Any boy can try the experiment for himself.

Darken a room in such a manner that a single ray of sunlight is admitted. The room must face the sun and the ray be direct.

Now in front of this ray place a three-sided glass prism, in such a position that the light will strike through it and be projected on a wall and what is the result?

Why, simply this: The light, when it strikes the wall, instead of remaining white as it appeared to the eye, is immediately divided into a number of upright bands of different colors, blending one into the other, red, blue, green, yellow, etc.

These bands always appear and always occupy precisely the same position in relation to each other.

This long, colored stripe, which constitutes one of the most beautiful sights that the study of the science of light can afford us, is known as the solar spectrum and is now just beginning to be understood.

Beginning on the left we find that the colors run thus: Violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red.

These are the colors of the rainbow, which is nothing more than a large, natural spectrum of the sun's rays.

A very pretty experiment with light is the following:

Fill a spirit lamp with alcohol in which has been dissolved as much common table salt as the spirits will take up. Light the wick, and your lamp will burn with a livid yellow flame.

A room lighted by two lamps of this kind



FIG. 5.—THE PLANET JUPITER UNDER THE TELESCOPE.

will form a laboratory for some very singular experiments.

It should, if possible, be hung with pictures in water or oil colors, and the persons present ought to wear nothing but the brightest colors, and the table to be ornamented with the gayest of flowers.

At first let those present sit a moment in ordinary daylight. Then darken the room and bring in your lamps.

The result will be wonderful. The spectators will hardly be able to recognize one another, the furniture in the room and every object contained in it will reflect but a single color.

The flowers will lose their brilliant tints, the paintings will appear black, as if drawn in India ink. Purple, lilac, blue, green—every tint in the room will assume one monotonous yellow.

The same change will appear in the faces of those present: a livid paleness will come over some, while others, especially those who are naturally of an olive complexion, will hardly appear changed at all.

Every one will laugh at his neighbor's face without stopping to think that his own has undergone perhaps even a greater change.

Now suddenly admit daylight at one end of the room, keeping the other closed and the lights burning.

Every one will now appear half illuminated with a livid yellow. One cheek for instance will be natural, the other the hue of a corpse.

One side of a lady's dress may be blue or



green, and the other side a compound of yellow and the natural color impossible to describe.

Or several rays of light may be admitted by making holes in a screen, and the result will be that the company will appear spotted with the most singular tints and hues.

If nitrate of strontia be used instead of salt the same results will be attained, only everything will assume a crimson instead of a yellow tint.

A lamp of this kind or several lamps will afford endless amusement, for there are other chemicals which can be used to produce still different colors—any good drug-gist will tell you what they are.

Such, very briefly, are a few of the wonders of light.

Read "WORK AND WIN" No. 43.  
"Fred Farnot's Rancho; or, Roughing it in Colorado."

[This story commenced in No. 256.]

## Wall Street Will;

OR,

### Winning a Fortune in a Week.

By JAS. D. MONTAGUE,

Author of "The Boy Rough Riders," "The Boy Sheriff," "Hustling Harry," "The Star Athletic Club," etc., etc.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

##### THE MYSTERY OF THE KEY.

When Wall Street Will parted from Mr. Reed, the broker, after refusing to sell him his stock in C., C. & I. C. he hurried up to the Astor House on his secret errand.

He had no difficulty in finding Mrs. Wilson's room, and as it was so early he felt pretty sure of finding her in it.

When he rapped on the door Mrs. Wilson opened it. She had a morning paper in her hand and looked pale and worried.

Will's first thought was that she had probably just read of Norton's death, but there was no time to do any more thinking before she spoke to him.

"What do you want, boy?" she asked, sharply, without recognizing Will.

"I would like to have a word with you in private, madam," said Will, very promptly. "Well, come in, then," said the woman, looking at him in surprise, then she seemed to recognize him and her voice softened a little.

The first thing Will noticed was that the room was in some confusion, as if the woman had been hastily packing, but there was no trunk in sight, only an open satchel and a little hand bag like those that women use when they go out shopping.

"I'll bet she is going to skip," was Will's first thought. "Well, all I've got to say is that she doesn't carry much baggage."

"Are you a regular messenger boy?" asked the woman, suddenly. She was sealing her envelope with wax and looking at Will sharply.

"No, ma'am, I'm not a messenger, I'm just a telephone boy on the floor," said Will, promptly. "Mr. Dickson knows me very well; in fact, he's my broker."

Just then she rose from the table where she had been sitting and her sleeve caught in the flame of the alcohol lamp that she had used in sealing the letter and in another second her waist had ignited and there was a sheet of flame clear around her shoulders.

The woman shrieked for help and ran straight toward the window, but Will grabbed her by the arm and pulled her back and then, picking up a heavy blanket from the bed, he wrapped it around her shoulders until he had smothered the blaze completely.

A half dozen chambermaids came running in, followed by a clerk, some guests and two or three bell boys.

The women all screamed and wrung their hands, but the clerk had sense enough to send a boy immediately for a doctor.

As Will lifted Mrs. Wilson to lay her on the sofa his eye caught a fine gold chain that hung around her neck and from which dangled a key that seemed strangely familiar.

He tried to think where he had seen a key of that peculiar shape before, but he was too excited just then to get his wits together.

"She's coming to herself, I guess," he said to the clerk as Mrs. Wilson began to gasp.

"She set fire to her sleeve from that alcohol lamp, but I must hurry now and deliver her letter."

He picked up the letter and hurried out, but all the way down to Wall street he was thinking of that key and wondering where he had seen one just like it.

Larry ran up to him just as he sprang off of a Broadway car and the two boys walked together to the Stock Exchange, talking freely about the condition of the market.

When they reached the building Will

caught sight of Mr. Dickson. He hurried up to him and handed him the letter.

"Give me a check for two thousand dollars right off, quick, will you, Mr. Dickson," said Will. "I've got time to run over to the bank now and cash it."

"I'll give you the cash," said Mr. Dickson, pulling a roll out of his pocket and handing him that amount.

Will scribbled a receipt on a bit of paper and handed it to the broker.

"Thank you," he said. "Now I'll attend to business."

The phone was not very busy that morning, so Will and Larry kept up a brisk conversation.

While they were talking a couple of brokers stopped near them and before they had spoken many words Will realized that what they were saying might interest him a good deal, and, pricking up his ears, listened sharply for any crumbs of information that he might catch.

"You see it's this way," said one. "The old man thought he could work the green-horns and scare some stock out of them by sending out those reports about the insurance companies selling out their investment stock and then pounding the price down a bit. He thought some of the small holders would get frightened and sell out and that he would make a nice little scoop."

"Well, didn't the scheme work?" asked the other.

"Work, well I should say not! He got his fake news circulated all right and started in to pound the price down, but nobody got scared and he failed to buy a share of stock. I understand that now he can't get back what he sold in his efforts to depress the market."

"Serves him right. I hope he gets his fingers burnt black this time. Watterson has worked that game too often."

"Why, that must be Coffee, Cakes and Ice Cream they were talking about," said Will, as the brokers passed on.

Just then the bell on Will's telephone rang and he hastened to answer it.

"Tell Mr. Dickson to come to the office at once. Mr. Watterson wishes to consult with him," was the order.

Will found Mr. Dickson and delivered the message and then, having nothing to do, sauntered over to the news ticker and read the tape as it rolled out from the clicking jaws of the little machine. He opened his eyes when he saw this message slowly printed on the strip of paper: "It is stated at the offices of both the Equitable and New York Life Insurance Companies that they have not sold a share of their holdings of C., C. & I. C. and that the reports circulated to that effect some days ago were absolutely without foundation. Neither company contemplates making any change in their investments in this stock. There is a report current in some quarters that a prominent operator is heavily short of this stock and that the market has been largely oversold."

Will chuckled with delight as he read the message, and, slapping the case of the ticker with his hand, said: "Keep on sending out news like that and you and I will have some fun with old Watterson before to-day is over."

The bell on Will's telephone rang just then and when he answered he was surprised to recognize Hattie's voice.

"Say, Will, is that you?"

"Yes, sweetheart."

"Well, Mr. Watterson wants to see you at once and you must come right to the office, but be sure and meet me in the hallway at the elevator. I must see you first—it's very important."

"What is it," asked Will; "do you want me to kiss you?"

"No, indeed, you saucy boy—this is about business."

"All right, darling, I'll look for you," Will replied, as he hung up the receiver and hurried out, wondering what was up.

#### CHAPTER XX.

##### WILL GETS SQUARE WITH MR. WATTERSON.

When Will entered the office building he found Hattie waiting for him near the door. "I must tell you something before you go upstairs, Will," she said. "I'll only keep you a minute."

"Well, go ahead. I'm listening," said Will. "What the mischief is the matter?"

"Well, from what I heard of their conversation it is about this," said Hattie. "Old Watterson tried to work some sort of a game to get people to sell out their C., C. & I. C. stock, meaning to pick it up himself, the old skink!"

He sold some himself in order to try and force the price down to scare others out and now he can't deliver what he sold. He has settled with all the buyers except Messrs. O'Connor & Co., who bought 900 or 1,000 shares from him. They insist upon having the stock by quarter-past two o'clock to-day and he can't buy it anywhere. Somehow he learned that you had some of that stock and he is going to try and bully you into selling it to him. He is in an awful humor and you must look out for him. Don't let him fool you into selling it unless you get a good round price."

"You bet I won't!" answered Will, stoutly. "and, thank you, Hattie, for posting me on the thing. Here's the thousand dollars

for that sealskin that I promised you and another thousand for Emma," he said, pulling the money from his pocket.

"Oh, thank you, Will!" cried Hattie, in delight. "I'll give Emma hers right away and won't she be happy! They think I am at lunch, so I must hurry!" and, smiling sweetly at Will, she ran out of the building.

When Will entered the office he found Mr. Watterson and Mr. Leland and Mr. Dickson all there.

"Look here, boy!" shouted Mr. Watterson, as soon as Will entered, "you bought 1,000 shares of C., C. & I. C. yesterday, I am told. Now, I want to buy 1,000 shares of that and I'll give you 110 for it. Just tell Mr. Dickson to deliver it to me and we will close up the transaction right here now."

"I have had a better offer than that for my stock, Mr. Watterson," answered Will, very coolly.

"How much better?" snapped his employer.

"One hundred and fifteen, sir, and I refused it," answered Will.

"Well, you refused a very high price, but I'll give you that same price in order to help you out. I want the stock and I am willing to buy it from you so you will have the benefit of the transaction."

"Thank you, Mr. Watterson, but I don't care to sell."

"Don't care to sell, you young Jack-anapes! What do you mean? I tell you that I want that stock!" roared Mr. Watterson.

"And I refuse to sell it," was Will's answer.

"You young whelp," bellowed Watterson, who was insanely angry. "You refuse to sell to your employer. Why, I'll have you in jail before to-morrow morning!"

"Not so fast, Mr. Watterson," said Mr. Leland. "If he had the stock he has a right to keep it. Don't try to bully him in this office."

"I don't believe I shall ever see the inside of a jail, Mr. Watterson," said Will, for I shall never do anything that will take me there. As for my 1,000 shares of C., C. & I. C., if I sell it at all I shall do so through my broker on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, and that is the place for you to buy it if you want it."

"You are discharged!" thundered Mr. Watterson, in a boiling rage. "You are the most ungrateful boy I ever employed!"

"As for gratitude," said Will, "I have not forgotten your endeavor to get me to invest in K. & T., and if I had followed your advice I would have dropped my nest egg into your pocket. I am showing proper gratitude for that now. As for leaving you, well, I was hired by the week. The week is up to-morrow night. I'll leave then—after I get my pay," said Will, laughing.

Wall Street Will left the office with a bow to Mr. Leland and went straight to a restaurant, where he got his luncheon.

When he got back to the Exchange he found Mr. Dickson looking for him.

"Mr. Watterson has raised his offer for your stock to 120," said the broker.

"I have all of that stock there is, haven't I?" asked Will.

"Yes, I guess you have, that is all that is not held by investors."

"And if I don't sell it to Mr. Watterson what will happen then?"

"Why, he will be unable to make his deliveries under his contracts and the chairman will buy it for his account and deliver it to Messrs. O'Connor & Co."

"Well, the chairman will buy it at any price that is asked, won't he, so long as he gets it?"

"Yes, he will keep bidding until some one sells it, even if he bids far above the actual value."

"Well, I guess I'll wait and see the chairman do his little act," answered Will, as he winked slyly at Mr. Dickson.

At about half-past two the attention of the brokers was called to the chairman's desk by three sharp raps of that officer's mallet. When he could make himself heard above the din he announced that he was about to buy 1,000 shares of C., C. & I. C. for account of John Watterson for delivery to Messrs. O'Connor & Co.

"I'll give 120 for the stock!" shouted the chairman; "120, 125, 130, 135."

He hesitated a moment and looked at the crowd of brokers.

It was news to most of them that Watterson had been caught short and the chairman repeated his announcement.

"I'll give 140, 145, 150, 155, 160, 170!" he cried, but there was no response.

Mr. Dickson made his way through the crowd over to Will.

"What shall I sell it at?" he asked.

"Sell it at 210," answered Will. "I mean Watterson's fun to cost him a clean one hundred thousand dollars."

Mr. Dickson laughed, and, patting Will on the shoulder went back in front of the chairman's desk.

"One hundred and eighty for 1,000 shares of C., C. & I. C.," said the chairman. "What is it offered at?"

"I'll sell 1,000 shares at 210," shouted Mr. Dickson.

"Any lower offer?" asked the chairman, and no one answering, he nodded to Mr. Dickson.

"I'll take your stock, sir," he said. Before the Stock Exchange closed the news became generally known that old Watterson had been done out of one hun-

dred thousand dollars by his own office boy, and the afternoon papers gave glowing accounts of Will's dissolution of the firm of Watterson & Leland.

Will had added to his capital the snug sum of \$102,720, and now had a fortune of over \$440,000.

"I'll try to make that an even half million before I leave to-morrow," he said, as he left the Stock Exchange and started for the office.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

##### WILL FACES THE THIEF.

Just before Will reached the building in which Watterson & Leland had their offices he saw Hattie and Emma coming to meet him and acting as if they were very much excited.

"What's the matter, girls?" he cried, as he hurried to meet them.

"Oh, everything is the matter!" cried Hattie, quickly. "There's the very mischief to play up in the office!"

"Anybody dead?" asked Will.

"Not yet, but I was afraid at one time that somebody would be. Oh, Mr. Watterson and Mr. Leland have had a row, I tell you!"

"And it was all about you, Will," chimed in Emma, excitedly. "Mr. Watterson called you names and Mr. Leland defended you. Watterson says you have ruined him and made him a beggar and he threatened to kill you. I heard him."

"Let him try it," said Will, with his eyes beginning to blaze. "Why, I could knock the breath out of him easy with one hand in my pocket."

"Well, he's going on like a madman and they are going to dissolve partnership and I'm glad of it!" said Hattie, "for that means that we shall not have to work for the old brute any longer."

"You shall not work for any one if you don't wish to, girls," said Will, putting his arms around them. "I'll give you each ten thousand dollars to-morrow, so you can go home to your mothers."

"Really, Will!" cried Hattie. "Oh, won't that be lovely! My mother will be so delighted to have me at home!"

"So will mine," cried Emma, "and that makes me think, Will, I have forgotten to thank you for my thousand dollars."

"Oh, I'll take a kiss for thanks when I can get one," laughed Will, "but so long, girls, I must leave you and go up to face the ogre."

The moment Will entered the office door Mr. Watterson bawled at him at the top of his lungs:

"I'll teach you to play tricks on your old employer!"

"I'll not come a step nearer until you put down that cane," said Will, firmly, as he stopped in the doorway.

"I'm not afraid of you, Mr. Watterson, but I don't choose to fight you."

"That's right, Will," said Mr. Leland, coming and standing between them.

"You are a mean, tricky boy," called out Mr. Watterson, who was almost purple in the face. "You were not satisfied with stealing the money from my safe but you planned to ruin me through my own broker, you rascal!"

"I did not steal your money and if you were not an old man I would punch you good for saying so, but if you mean that I beat you in your own game in Wall street I am willing to admit it, and I'd do it again if I had the chance," said Will, coolly.

Mr. Watterson made a lunge at Will, but the boy dodged it easily and then Mr. Leland walked over and faced him sternly.

"That settles everything between us! I will have the dissolution papers drawn up this very night," he said to his partner.

"Now, I advise you to leave the office until you have controlled your temper a little bit."

"Oh, Mr. Leland!" cried Will, "where did you get that key? Excuse me, sir, for asking, but I must know this minute."

Mr. Leland was holding a small, oddly shaped key in his hand and he looked down at it as Will spoke.

"Why, that's the key to the cash box in the safe," he said, promptly. "I have just succeeded in getting it away from Mr. Watterson."

"Is there another one like it?" asked Will, growing more excited.

Mr. Leland drew another from his vest pocket and held it between his fingers.

"These two are all there are," he said, staring at Will. "There were never but two made, but why do you ask these questions?"

"I have seen another key exactly like those two," said Will, very slowly.

"Then it must be in the possession of the thief who stole our money," said Mr. Leland, quickly, "for if any one has got a key like these it did not come into their possession honestly."

Will was silent a moment and then he looked squarely at Mr. Leland.

"I guess it is time, sir," he said, "to tell you what I know of Norton and Mrs. Wilson."

#### CHAPTER XXII.

##### WILL FINDS HIS FATHER.

In less than ten minutes after Wall Street Will noticed the little key in Mr.



Leland's hand he had told him all he knew about Mr. Norton, the clerk who had committed suicide, and the woman who called herself both Mrs. Ashley and Mrs. Wilson.

He began with the dinner at the Waldorf and the automobile affair, and then ended his story by describing the scene in the Astor House, when he saved the woman from being burned to death and described the key that set him to thinking so deeply.

"I knew that I had seen a key like that somewhere before, Mr. Leland," he finished, "and it must be that I have seen yours lying on the desk in your office."

"It is very probable," said Mr. Leland, "for I am apt to be careless. No doubt Norton took advantage of that fact to make an impression of the key with wax or something and have others made for himself and his confederate. However, I will set a watch upon the woman at once, for, as you say, she is probably intending to leave the country."

Mr. Leland rang the messenger call and sent a note to a detective.

"He'll be on her trail in twenty minutes," he said, "and will report whether or not she has left the city."

The office was in some confusion, for Mr. Watterson had thrown books and papers about in his fit of rage, so Will began quietly to put it in order.

Just as he bent over to pick up a book a small photograph fell out of his pocket and lay face up on the carpet.

As Will picked it up he handed it to Mr. Leland with a smile.

"That's the way I looked when I was a baby," he said. "It was taken a day or two after I was chucked into the orphan asylum."

Mr. Leland glanced at it and then gave a start. In another second he had turned so pale that Will thought he was fainting and started for some water.

"Do you mean that this is you? Explain quick, boy!" he almost shouted, but never once taking his eyes from the picture.

"It's me, sure, sir, when I was eight months old, as near as they could calculate. It was taken just a week after the cop found me in a hallway in Wall street, where I had been abandoned by my parents or a kidnapper."

Then Mr. Leland did an extraordinary thing; he put his hand in his pocket and drew out a gold locket that contained a miniature of that very same baby.

"Jerusalem!" cried Will, with an astonished whistle.

The next instant Mr. Leland grabbed Will in his arms and began hugging and kissing him.

"My son, oh, my son!" he cried, clasping Will close to him. "You are my very own son, Will; my poor little kidnapped baby!"

As soon as he was calm enough he told Will the story.

His child had been kidnapped when it was six months old and from that day to this he had heard nothing of it.

"We were living in Boston at the time," he said, "and the kidnappers must have kept you some time and then brought you to New York and abandoned you. I offered big rewards and sent out a general alarm, but not until this moment have I known what became of you."

Will could hardly believe his ears, but he was too happy for words. It seemed incredible that he had found a father and particularly a father like Mr. Leland.

"Have I a mother living?" was Will's first question.

Mr. Leland's face saddened and he shook his head slowly.

"No, my boy, you have not. She did not survive the shock," he said, softly. "Poor Mary! How happy she must be if she can see us at this hour of reunion."

Just then a boy came in with a note from the detective. Mr. Leland opened it at once and read as follows:

"Mrs. Wilson died at noon to-day. She set her dress on fire this morning in her room and inhaled so much of the blaze that it killed her. I have the key that you spoke of and will hand it to you later. She leaves letters and papers which show her to be the wife of your old clerk, Mr. Norton, and several letters from him prove that she had visited your offices and that the two together had helped themselves to your valuables. The authorities have given me every help in the matter, but, of course, as the woman is dead there is very little to be done. I will take care of her effects and consult you this evening."

"I must show this to Mr. Watterson at once," said Mr. Leland. "It will remove all doubt of your innocence from his mind, if he ever had any, which I think was not probable."

Mr. Leland closed his desk and started to leave the office, telling Will he would be back as soon as he had found Mr. Watterson.

At that very minute the watchman of the building threw open the door, and, seeing Mr. Leland, made this startling announcement:

"Shure, Misther Watterson's jist dropped dead in a apoplextic fit, sir. They've taken him to an undertaker's and it's mesilf that's notified the coroner."

"Give me the address of the coroner," said Mr. Leland, following him out.

As soon as he was through his work Will started out to see a lawyer that he knew, and an hour later the two were seated in

the office of the President of the Manhattan Street Railroad Company.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## WILL'S NEW HOME.

Will was very much surprised to find the president of the street railway company so affable.

"I consider that your action in catching that dynamiter so promptly saved this company a great deal of cash as well as trouble, and I have the full consent of the treasurer in giving you this money," he said, handing Will a check for two thousand dollars.

Will's next move was to go straight to the headquarters of the Street Railway Employees' Protective Association and present them with the check which he had just received.

"There, that's off of my mind, now I can get some supper," thought Will, and then it popped into his head that he would probably dine with his father.

"My, how funny that sounds," he said, standing still in the street. "To think that after sixteen years of orphanhood I at last have found a father."

Then he hurried up to the Lorton House and dressed himself in his best clothes, packing up the rest of his things so as to be ready to move whenever his father suggested it.

They dined at the Imperial Hotel, where Mr. Leland had a handsome suite.

"You shall have a room adjoining mine, my son," said his father, "until we can arrange for you to go to college and finish your education."

Mr. Leland had Will's things moved up to the Imperial that night and they spent the evening talking about the past and particularly about Will's mother.

"You look like her, my boy," said Mr. Leland, showing him her picture.

The tears came into Will's eyes.

"Poor mother!" he said, softly. "How she must have worried about me."

"I hope she knows that I have found you and that in spite of your misfortunes you have turned out to be such a manly boy. I have been up to the orphan asylum this afternoon and found out all about you, you see, and they tell me up there that you were always brave and honorable."

"Oh, but I ran away from the asylum," laughed Will.

"Well, that was all right, Will, you could not be expected to stay there forever," replied his father, smiling.

"I guess I'm a chip of the old block then, after all, hey Pop? But I'll be a better boy now that I have found you, I'm sure. While I had no one to live for but myself I didn't seem to think about anything but how to make money."

"Well, you've made money enough now, haven't you?" asked his father.

"Not quite," said Will. "I want a half a million."

"Well, do you intend to make some part of that to-morrow?" asked his father. "If you do perhaps you will be so kind as to give me a tip on what stock to buy."

Well, it's a toss up between Consolidated and Chicago Gas, I guess, and as gas is pretty light stuff it's liable to go up without much boosting," said Will, slowly.

"Which shall you buy?" asked his father, with interest.

"I'll toss up a cent and see," said Will, pulling a penny out of his pocket.

"Heads, Consolidated, tails, Chicago; Chicago wins!" said Will, as the penny fell on the carpet.

"Well, I'll buy a few shares of Chicago Gas myself on the strength of your superstition," laughed his father, "but I'll promise not to squeeze you even if I have an opportunity."

"Oh, I wouldn't mind losing my boodle to you, pop," said Will, "but not until after I have kept my promise to Hattie and Emma. You see I am going to give them each ten thousand dollars," he explained, "and send them home to live with their mothers."

"Which means that I'll have to look for two new typewriters," laughed his father, "but I approve of your action and will write the checks right now if you wish me to."

"Please do," said Will, "and I'll run out and mail them to the girls. I'll give you the amount to-morrow when I settle with Dickson."

His father wrote the checks and Will inclosed them, with a note to each of the girls, then he mailed them so they would find them at the office when they got there in the morning.

"You see I may oversleep," Will said, as he looked at his bed. "I never tumbled into any such nest as that before and I doubt if I'll be able to turn out very early in the morning."

"I guess you can take it easy all right," said his father. "You know you are not an office boy any longer."

"Oh, but I insist upon finishing out my week," laughed Will, "for I want that four dollars that is coming to me."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## WILL COMPLETES HIS FORTUNE.

Will woke early the next morning in spite of his comfortable bed and luxurious

surroundings, and after he had eaten a substantial breakfast, he left a note with one of the hall boys to be delivered to his father when he should awake, saying that Will had gone to the office.

Then Wall Street Will jumped into one of the cabs standing in front of the hotel and was driven rapidly downtown. He enjoyed seeing the messenger boys in the neighborhood stare at him when he stepped from his carriage in front of the office building.

He paid the driver, giving him a tip of a dollar, and just as he did so Larry crossed over from the opposite corner, where he had been standing, with eyes as big as saucers.

"Say, what kind of a graft is dis?" asked Larry; "am you chuckin' de biggest kind of a bluff or am you on youse way to buy out de whole Stock Exchange, yer Royal Job-lots?"

"I'm all right, Larry," laughed Will, "and I'm not bluffing. I've got the boodle and to prove it to you and to celebrate my departure from Wall street for the present, I invite you to dine with me to-night at the Hotel Imperial."

"Hully gee! Does youse mean dat?"

"You bet I mean it. You be there at half-past six to-night and I'll give you the best dinner you ever ate," and so saying Will hurried upstairs to the office, where he attended to his usual work and then went to the Stock Exchange.

As soon as he entered the board room he looked for Mr. Dickson and told him he wanted to buy 5,000 shares of Chicago Gas at the opening price.

"I don't know what you see in that," said the broker, "but I suppose you are right, as usual."

A few moments after ten Mr. Dickson reported to Will that he had bought the stock at 88. A few minutes later the telephone bell rang and when Will answered it he heard his father's voice asking if he had bought any stock.

"Yes, sir, 5,000 shares," answered Will.

"Well, have Mr. Dickson buy 1,000 shares for me. I have just had private advices from Chicago; the Chicago Gas has just gotten control of the La Salle Gas Company, giving them a monopoly of the gas business in Chicago."

Will had the order executed at once and the stock was purchased at 89.

At a few minutes of eleven o'clock the news that Mr. Leland had received privately became generally known and the stock was soon in lively demand.

There was a large short interest in it, which hastily ran to cover and this caused it to advance very rapidly.

In a few minutes it was 95 bid and none was offered for sale at less than 100.

Will's father called him up on the telephone as soon as he saw the quotations and inquired whether Will had sold out.

"No, not yet, pop," answered our hero. "I'm going to wait a half hour longer and then let her go."

"I think it's a good thing to keep," said Mr. Leland; "it may reach 125."

"Well, I want to clean up and go to college next week," answered Will, "and I'm pretty well satisfied with my week in Wall street, anyway, so I guess I'll sell out instead of holding it, if you don't object."

At half-past eleven Will told Mr. Dickson to sell out his gas stock and the broker succeeded in getting 102 for all of it.

"That suits me perfectly," said Will; "it makes me worth over half a million and that is enough for any boy of my age."

As quick as the day's business was over Wall Street Will squared up with his broker and in less than five minutes after he had received his check a dozen brokers were crowding around waiting to shake hands and congratulate the "baby speculator."

Right in the middle of Will's oration an old gentleman came hurrying up, pushing aside the others.

"I wish to congratulate you, my young man," he cried; "you have certainly succeeded in your ambition to become a wolf in Wall street."

"Oh, Mr. Drayton!" cried Will, who had recognized him in an instant. "I am very glad to see you at just this time, so I can thank you again for giving me my starter."

"Nonsense, boy! If it hadn't been for you I would have hydrophobia by now. You have nothing to thank me for—you are a hero as well as a Napoleon of Finance."

"And now what are you going to do?" asked one of the brokers.

"Oh, I'm going to be a lamb in college instead of in Wall street for awhile," laughed Will, "and give the sophs and seniors a chance to fleece me."

"I pity them," said a broker, whose fingers had been burnt in Will's deal with B. G. & W. "You've made a fortune in Wall street without so much as losing one hair of your fleece. I guess you'll hold your own with the boys in college."

"I'll try to," laughed Will, as he started away from the group. Good by to you all. I'm off to open an account in the safest bank I can find in the city."

Then, as he ran out of the building, he remarked to himself: "This week in Wall street has been a picnic and now, as soon as I have kissed my two sweethearts good by, I'll pack my trunk and hurrah for college!"

[TO BE CONTINUED]

## Answers to Correspondents.

## To Correspondents.

Do not ask questions on the same sheet of paper with mail orders, as they will not be answered. Correspondents, in sending a number of questions, will aid us greatly by writing on one side of the paper only. If this is not done, questions will have to be rewritten by those who send them. NOTICE is now given that hereafter no letters will be answered unless addressed "EDITOR OF HAPPY DAYS, 24 Union Square, New York."

## NOTICE.

Readers of HAPPY DAYS who send questions to be answered in this column should bear in mind that HAPPY DAYS is made up and printed two weeks in advance of publication; consequently it will take from two to three weeks from the time we receive the questions before the answers will appear in print, and should the questions require any special research it may take longer. If readers will take this matter into consideration, they will readily see the folly of requesting us to put the answers to their questions in the next issue of the paper.

READER.—The first number of "Happy Days" was issued in October, 1894.

JOHN GRAY.—June 21, 1881, came on Tuesday, and May 22, 1882, on Saturday.

JAS. T. BELL.—For full particulars regarding our bicycle premium see the 16th page of this paper.

JIM CRUMMY.—The United States battleship Alabama is the largest and most powerful in the navy; her cost was \$3,750,000. 2. Writing good.

COLLECTOR.—The new two-cent stamp of Canada is printed in red; there are also many surcharged three-cent stamps, both with and without numerals.

CADET.—The largest battleships of Great Britain are the Albion, Caesar, Canopus, Empress of India, Glory, Goliath, Mars, Magnificent, Majestic and Prince George.

UNIVERSAL.—There is no "National Flower;" there are "State Flowers" in twenty States. New York selected the rose, Michigan, apple blossom; Nebraska, North Dakota and Oregon, the golden rod.

NIMROD.—If the front sprocket on your bicycle has twenty-five teeth and the rear sprocket eight teeth, you have a gear of 87½; if you change your rear sprocket to nine teeth you will have a gear of 77.7-9.

NEWSBOY.—The national salute is twenty-one guns. A salute to the Union consists of one gun for each State and in commemoration of the Declaration of Independence. It is fired on the Fourth of July at all military and naval posts.

W. AND R.—Autonomy means self-government. The Carlists in Spain are the supporters of Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, who claims the Spanish crown. He is a grandson of Don Carlos, who called himself Carlos V. and died in 1855.

SHORT STOP.—One of the longest games of baseball was played between the Harvard and Manchester College clubs on May 11, 1877, in which game 24 innings were played without a run being made, when darkness caused a cessation of the game.

DEWEY.—There is no book from which you can learn curve pitching. There are some books that treat the subject theoretically, but to learn to pitch curve balls, you must have practical instruction from somebody who has already learned the art.

DENVER RED.—There is no premium on the nickel of 1883 without the word "cents." Dealers ask an advance on the face value when they sell, but will not buy at a premium, as they have a large stock on hand. 2. June 4, 1884, came on Wednesday.

PATRIOT.—Soldiers who served in the Civil War are eligible to membership in a Grand Army post, and their sons, after attaining the age of eighteen, may become members of the order known as "Sons of Veterans," each division of which is called a camp.

WALL STREET WILL.—The foundations of the original building of the American Museum of Natural History, New York City, were begun in 1874, and President Grant laid the corner stone on June 2 of that year. The building was opened formally on Dec. 22, 1877.

RECORDED.—We have no record of anybody going over Niagara Falls and living. Sam Patch jumped the falls and lived, but he jumped from a raised platform. He also jumped the Genesee Falls at Rochester, N. Y., and was drowned. His body was not recovered until the breaking of the ice in the spring.

TOM.—There have been five different issues of United States special delivery stamps. The first issue reads "At any Special Delivery Office;" the second issue reads "At any Postoffice;" the third issue was printed in orange; the fourth issue was printed in blue, with numeral "10" shaded, and the fifth issue is the same on water-marked paper.

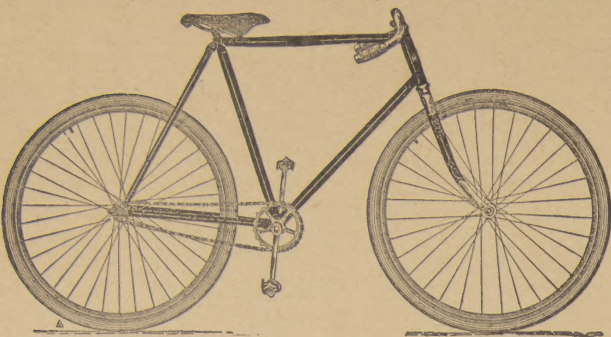
ROBERT J.—Stammering cannot be cured by medicine alone. Occasionally medicinal remedies are used to relieve in some degree the nervousness, but the real affection is treated in an educational way. It is necessary to have a special teacher, or to go to one of the schools for stammering, the best of which are conducted by physicians who make a specialty of that ailment.

(Several letters remain over to be answered next week.)



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The following is a complete description, and every wheel is sent exactly as represented:—Wheels—28 inch front and rear, 32 spokes in front wheel and 38 spokes in rear. Barrel hubs—turned from bar steel. Spokes—Excelsior Needle Co.'s swaged piano wire, butt ended. Wood rims—lap joint. Bearings—cups and cones turned from bar steel. Balls—hardened and ground. Frame—best Shelby seamless steel tube, 1 1/2 inch head, 1 1/4 inch or 1 1/2 inch bottom tube and cross tube. (Height of frame—standard 22 inches.) Front forks, continuous, tapered gauge—Drop forged crown, nickel plated or enameled. Drop of frame 3 inches. Rear stays D shaped—Upper 3/4 inches, Lower 7/8 inches, tapered to 3/4 inches. Single-piece, head, 5 inches. Crank Hanger genuine, famous Fauber one-piece, either 5-arm or star pattern sprockets—any size from 21 teeth to 32 teeth inclusive, for either 3-18 inch or 1/2 inch chain—cranks 6 1/2 inches, 7 inches or 7 1/4 inches, diamond pattern. Rear Sprocket, detachable, screwed on hub and held in place by a lock nut screwed on by reverse threads—7, 8, 9 or 10 teeth. Pedals, dust-proof—with or without rubbers. Handle Bar—best seamless tubing, nicked on copper, either upturn, downturn or ram's horn. Grips—to match frame. Chain—B Block, straw colored—blued side plates, either 3-18 inch or 1/2 inch. Gear as desired. Finish—any standard color or enamel. Saddle—Brown pattern, either hard or soft. Tool bag and tools complete. Tires—Amazon, Goodyear, Hartford, Vim or Morgan & Wright, single or double tube.

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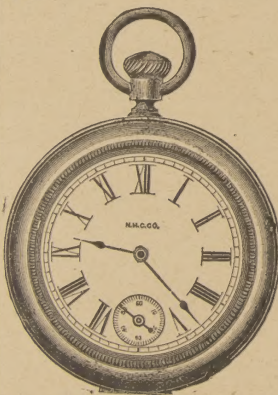
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